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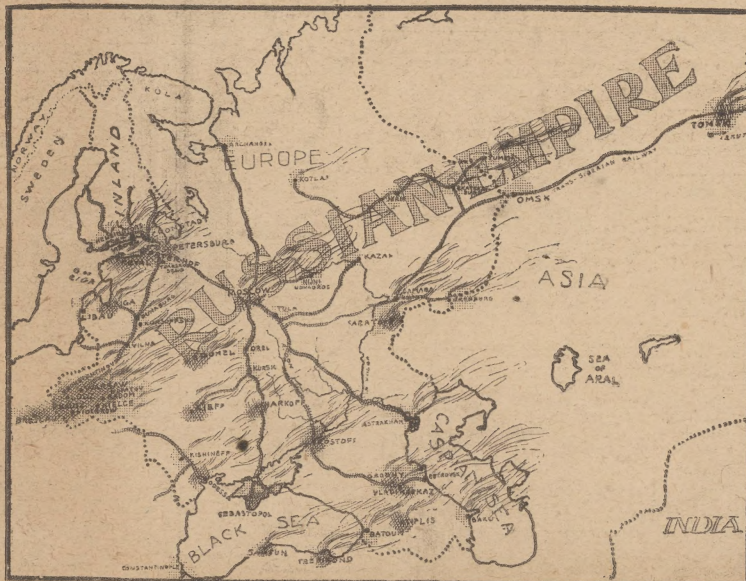
One Halfpenny.

"OUR INFLEXIBLE WILL: CIVIL LIBERTY FOR RUSSIA."



In spite of the number of troops poured into St. Petersburg to overawe the rioters, the will of the people has prevailed. Undaunted by the Cossacks, who treated them with unexampled brutality, they persisted in their demands for constitutional Government. Photograph No. 1 shows Cossacks patrolling the streets; No. 2, troops on guard to preserve order.

HOW DEMOCRACY ROUTED AUTOCRACY.



This map clearly shows why the Tsar granted a Magna Charta to Russia. Everywhere the empire was ablaze; bloodshed, rioting, and disorder were rampant in the land. The darkened portions show the districts ready to throw off the autocrat's yoke had he not yielded to their demands.



The Tsar, who has been cowering at Peterhof, afraid of his people, issues a proclamation, extorted from him by fear, which he pretends is the product of a "Little Father's" love for his children. He now tardily grants his subjects freedom of person and liberty of conscience, speech, and meeting.

RUSSIA'S MAGNA CHARTA.

The Tsar's Empire Gives Itself
Up to Frantic Rejoicings.

TOWNS 'MAFFICKING.'

Revolutionary Songs Mingle with
"God Save the Tsar!"

COUNT WITTE'S CABINET.

The Tsar's edict granting a Constitution to Russia has been received with general joy by his subjects, and there were wild scenes of "mafficking" yesterday in the principal towns.

The Tsar's decree grants:—

- (1) Inviolability of person and of domicile.
- (2) Freedom of conscience, speech, union, and association.
- (3) Creation of a genuine representative assembly.

The capital was gay with flags yesterday, and the greatest delight was experienced over the concessions made by the Autocrat of All the Russias. Still there are many who are dubious and sceptical. So often have they been deceived that they scarcely credit the sincerity of the Government.

The root-and-branch revolutionists make no secret of their distrust, and declare that the struggle must continue. Among the rejoicing populace were to be noticed men waving red flags and singing the songs of revolutionists.

Even among the more extreme, however, the concessions are regarded as a great victory for the popular party. The more thoughtful Russians are not intoxicated with joy. Their attitude is one of suspense, largely mingled with hope. Will the Tsar adhere to his liberal programme, or will the reactionary element again conquer? Time alone will prove.

Meanwhile all censorship was yesterday removed from the papers, and for the first time in history Russia had, for one day at least, a free Press.

"MAFFICKING" SCENES.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Last night, after the news of the issue of the manifesto had got abroad, crowds marched up and down the Nevsky Prospekt, singing the national hymn and hurrahing for liberty.

The instant that the tidings became known, the strikers raised a spontaneous cheer of "Long live liberty." The Cossacks patrolling the street, misunderstanding the import of the demonstration, and thinking that seditious cries were being raised, charged and dispersed the workmen with their whips.

At all of the fashionable restaurants many glasses of champagne were emptied to the toast of "Liberty and the New Constitution." Crowds, singing the National Anthem, cheering the Emperor, and shouting themselves hoarse, paraded up and down the streets.

The Cossack patrols were utterly discomfited and confounded, wholly at a loss to understand the meaning of the demonstration, or why the crowd was suddenly singing "God Save the Tsar," instead of the "Marseillaise." The people displayed the utmost good humour towards the Cossacks.

Surrounding them, patting their horses, and the perplexed riders on their boots, the crowd shouted: "You can go home now. We no longer need you. We have now our liberties," and bade them throw their caps into the air in honour of the Constitution.—Reuter.

POLICEMEN'S SALUTE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday (later).—At eleven this morning there was an immense demonstration. The place of gathering was the steps of the Kazan Church. Students, schoolboys, and workmen formed its nucleus. Red flags were unfurled and revolutionary speeches were delivered. A procession was formed, headed by red flags, and marched down the Nevsky Prospekt, singing the "Marseillaise" and revolutionary songs.

All policemen and others approaching the demonstration were compelled to take off their hats. Mounted troops passing also raised their caps, amid loud cheers. As the demonstration reached the point where so many workmen were shot down on January 22 last (Red Sunday) the vast procession stopped, every head was uncovered, and the "Victichna Pamyat," the Russian hymn for the dead, was sung with impressive effect.

A move was then made to the university, the doors of which were flung open. The vast crowd assembled in front of the building, and red flags were handed up to the students, who affixed them to various parts of the balconies. The windows

were crowded with students, some of whom either clambered to the roof, shouting "Long live the revolution."

As a climax, a red flag was hoisted on top of the cross of the Imperial University.

The students on the balconies then delivered political speeches. One student called upon the Emperor, to whose name he attached a contemptuous epithet, to abdicate, and go to London.—Reuter's Special Service.

COUNT WITTE CONFIDENT.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Count Witte, the new Premier, appears to be confident that he will be able to guide the Russian people tranquilly into the paths of constitutionalism. He has already tentatively selected the members of the new Cabinet. Probably he will himself hold no portfolio.

Prince Alexis Obolensky, formerly Assistant-Minister of Finance, will become Minister of the Interior; M. Romanoff, Minister of Finance; M. Koni, an able jurist and member of the Senate, Minister of Justice; and M. Krosovsky, President of the St. Petersburg Duma, Minister of Education. It is understood that the present Ministers of Foreign Affairs, War, and Marine, will remain unchanged.—Reuter.

RELEASE OF PRISONERS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Count Witte authorises the statement that the Ministry of Justice will set free prisoners under arrest for political offences, whose release can, at the present time, cause no danger to public order. The question will be discussed in the next few days at the Ministerial Conference.—Reuter.

SOCIALISTS DISSATISFIED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—The Social Democratic Party has issued a manifesto to-day declaring that the struggle of the proletariat has not ended with the promulgation of the Tsar's ukase. The people, says the manifesto, must hold meetings for discussion of political questions, continue the strikes, organise a militia, and demand an amnesty. This manifesto has been posted up in all the streets, which are decorated with flags. No trains are running to-day.—Reuter.

PROVINCIAL REJOICINGS.

ODESSA, Tuesday.—The Tsar's manifesto has called forth indescribable enthusiasm in Odessa. All the business establishments and shops are shut, and people are singing songs of liberty and embracing one another in transports of delight. Some are carrying red flags, others black banners in memory of the victims in the fighting on Sunday.

A crowd of 20,000 persons appeared before the palace of the Governor-General, Baron Kaulbars, and, in response to their appeals, the Governor came forth and addressed them. He congratulated them upon the happy day, and exclaimed, "Hurrah for the Constitution!"

The crowd thanked him and asked him to liberate those who had been arrested and to withdraw the Cossacks and police. This he promised should be done immediately.

Last night the police violently forced their way into a hospital, carried off the bodies of five people who were killed on Sunday, and buried them secretly, in order to prevent the great demonstration which was expected to take place at the funeral this morning. The university authorities and the town council made an energetic protest, and the police were compelled to return the bodies, which will be buried again to-morrow with due solemnity.

—Reuter.

KIEFF, Tuesday.—Thousands of persons are kneeling down in the streets and singing the "De Profundis" in memory of the victims who have fallen in the struggle.—Reuter.

COSSACKS STILL DEADLY.

Despite the general feeling that the worst of the troubles are over some deplorable incidents are still reported in various parts of the Empire.

Yesterday morning a band of Cossacks fired upon workmen who were leaving the Putiloff Works at St. Petersburg to celebrate the granting of freedom. Five were killed and many injured.

A bomb was thrown from the Technological Institute at St. Petersburg, and two persons in the crowd and two cavalymen were injured. The troops fired three volleys against the windows of the building.

In Warsaw the strikers yesterday surrounded the printing establishments, obliging the compositors to set up revolutionary songs instead of the imperial manifesto. The police did not dare to interfere.

The tramway employees have struck, and the crowds stop all cars.

In the suburb of Praga yesterday two men, suspected of being revolutionists, shot and killed the cashier of the Vulkan iron factory. They severely wounded his assistant, and decamped with £1,400.

At Kielce, in Poland, the crowd destroyed the Government alcohol stores. The infantry fired a volley, killing three persons and wounding ten.

Operations are still at a standstill in all the factories and workshops at Helsingfors, and the telephone, postal, railway, and tramcar services are also suspended.

LORD CURZON ILL.

Viceroy Stricken Down with a Severe
Attack of Fever.

With the greatest regret news was received in London yesterday that Lord Curzon, on almost the eve of his departure from India, has been stricken down with fever.

The Viceroy had been taking a farewell tour through certain parts of the great Dependency which he has ruled with such characteristic zeal and strength, and had reached Lahore.

Here he fell a victim to the disease from which he is now suffering, and the fact that, according to the latest advices from Lahore, his departure from that place has been indefinitely postponed, has caused the keenest anxiety amongst his many friends.

His Excellency was to have resumed his journey on Sunday, but his medical advisers have absolutely forbidden him for the time being to continue his tour.

For some time past Lord Curzon has not enjoyed good health. When he last left this country it was noticed that the intense anxiety which his wife's illness at Walmer caused him, had left unmistakable traces.

Despite this, however, on his return to Calcutta he at once threw himself with increased energy into the high duties which he had to perform. He is not a man to shirk any responsibility, and unsparingly and with splendid self-sacrifice devoted himself to the service of the State risking an actual breakdown.

News as to his condition will be eagerly awaited in this country, where his great labours in India, if not evoking unanimity of opinion, have been watched with admiration and gratitude.

MENACE FOR ENGLAND.

Kaiser's Bellicose Speech Understood To Be
Aimed at Great Britain.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Tuesday.—There can be little doubt that the warlike directions of the Kaiser, given in his speech at the unveiling of Moltke's statue, were intended as a menace for England.

His words, "Keep your swords sharp and your powder dry," have been so understood by a vast number of his people. This is clearly shown in the following newspaper comments:—

The Christian Social "Reich" says:—"A war with England, accustomed to bloodshed, is not an absolute necessity. But we hearken to our Kaiser's call: 'Powder dry!'"

The "Leipziger Tageblatt" says:—"Hard it must have been to peace-loving Emperor William to utter such words, but, above all, must he have felt that hardship, as grandson of Queen Victoria and nephew of King Edward. We know to-day that whatever country attacks us will find England on her side."

The "Augsburger Abendzeitung" says:—"The aim of those words is clear to all, and our English cousins, with their peacefully-intentioned King, will understand them."

BETRAYED BY HIS SOAP.

With Slenderest of Clues Police Hunt Down a
Dangerous Criminal.

When, in February last, the Lion Hotel, Newtown, in North Wales, was ransacked and a large sum of money stolen, there was no trace of the culprit, but tablets of pink scented soap were missing.

Robert Smith, alias Brennan, brass-founder, of Birmingham, was seen in the place a day before the robbery, and afterwards, at lodgings in Welshpool, he made a great show of ready money and used pink scented soap.

Two months later, on departing from Oswestry, he left behind him a remnant of soap, and on this fragment of evidence the police built up a case upon which he was convicted yesterday at the North Wales Assizes at Ruthin.

Recalling many previous felonies against him, Justice Lawrence passed sentence of five years' penal servitude.

DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

Lord Brampton was somewhat weaker yesterday. The Rev. Edgar Sheppard, D.D., sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, who has been lying ill in London for a month, was able to leave for the country in a motor-car yesterday.

PIUS X. AND EDUCATION.

His Holiness the Pope has sent to the Archbishop of Westminster a lengthy letter, in which he exhorts all Roman Catholics in England to safeguard and maintain their schools in conformity with the belief and profession of the Catholic faith.

THE KING AT NEWMARKET.

Fine Weather Favours a Brilliant
Display on the Heath.

FOREST MOTOR-CAR TRIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEWMARKET, Tuesday.—Brilliant weather welcomed the King at Newmarket to-day. His Majesty, accompanied by Sir Stanley Clarke, drove after breakfast from Bishop's Hall, in Essex, where, as the guest of Colonel Lockwood, he had enjoyed some excellent shooting and motoring through a picturesque country, whose beauty was heightened by autumn tints.

People lined all the route through Epping Forest, and His Majesty, raised his hat several times in response to their cheers. At Theydon Bois, Viscount Horneastle, chairman of the Forest Committee, was waiting. The King stopped for a moment, and was welcomed by the Viscount.

Several hundred of the school-children of Saffron Walden, accompanied by the masters, marched out a distance of two miles to the Cambridge main road. Here they were lined up upon the grass slope, opposite Audley End House.

SLOWED DOWN FOR THE CHILDREN.

When the King saw the children he directed his chauffeur to slow down the speed of the car, and, as his Majesty passed, his loyal young subjects gave a hearty cheer, which was heard above the water and park. His Majesty gave them a pleasant smile, and raised his hat in acknowledgment.

His Majesty was loudly cheered as he passed through Bishop's Stortford at 11.45. The streets of the town were highly decorated, and places of business were temporarily closed. The Volunteers lined the streets.

Arriving shortly after noon on the racecourse, the King, keen as usual, scarcely missed an item in the sport.

The Duke of Devonshire, one of the earliest arrivals, was already in the Jockey Club enclosure, talking with the veteran Lord Coventry and General Robinson, who for some years before his accession to the title was well known as Chaplain to the House of Commons were, among others, noticed in the enclosure. Many ladies were present, and the fine weather added colour to the toilettes, the furs now the vogue being of great variety.

Sir Ernest Cassel, who had the honour of entertaining the King at dinner, was not in luck's way in the racing; neither was Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and his party from Palace House had not the satisfaction of seeing the blue-and-yellow silks on a winner.

The guests of Mr. W. Bass and Lady Noreen Bass, however, had the pleasure of seeing Gresson colt soon as the Old Nursery Stakes.

Pretty Polly petted and fêted by the ladies as usual, had the easiest of tasks in the Lincolnton Stakes. Indeed, although there were thirty-three possible opponents, only one owner, Mr. Douglas Baird, had the temerity to oppose the champion, and his representative, Mondamin, was beaten in a back number.

Sir Edgar Vincent, whose stalwart figure was prominent, confidently expects to win the Cambridgeshire to-morrow if he can beat the Irish horse, Velocity.

THE KING'S GODSON.

The King will attend, as principal sponsor, the christening of the son of Lord and Lady Stavorde in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on Saturday. His Majesty's gift will be a handsome porringer.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

A retired postman, Mr. A. D. Wells, of Ipswich, Suffolk, has left estate worth £1,549.

Sir E. Elgar, the composer, has been invited to become Mayor of Hereford for the coming year.

The Premier and Lord Lansdowne have accepted invitations to the Lord Mayor's banquet on November 9.

Two Bishops, on behalf of Irish Roman Catholics, presented the Pope yesterday with £1,757 for "Peter's Pence."

Lord Cadogan's motor-car was run into while proceeding to the races at Newmarket yesterday. The side window was smashed, but the occupants escaped injury.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Gusty north-westerly and westerly breezes; changeable, showery, with bright intervals; colder.

Lighting-up time, 5.38 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate.

DRUNKENNESS AT OXFORD.

Indignation at the Accusations of
the Bishop of London.

STUDENTS' REJOINDER.

The striking charge that drunkenness is on the increase at Oxford University has been made by Dr. Ingram, the Bishop of London.

He chivalrously brought the charge where it could, if untrue, be instantly met—before the University itself, where he was preaching a special sermon.

Dr. Ingram said that there were cases of men having called on Freshmen, on their arrival at Oxford, and demanding drinks from them. If a Freshman refused he was ill-treated and his furniture broken.

"I am certain," said the Bishop, "that in certain colleges to-day there is a wave of drunkenness. Even at some of the 'quiet' colleges it is not uncommon to see two or three drunken men coming out of what they misguidedly call 'drunks.' Twenty-five years ago this was a rare sight."

"In London I have twenty University men, hopeless drunks, on my hands, one of the worst having been a 'Varsity' cos."

Defence of the Undergraduate.

In Oxford yesterday deep indignation was expressed on all hands at the Bishop's allegations, and no time was lost in making an authoritative denial.

Dr. Spooner, Warden of New College, presiding at a meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, said he could bear emphatic testimony to what he held to be the exceedingly-temperate habits of undergraduates at the present time.

He admitted that the taking of diluted spirits at night had, however, increased at the University, which, in this respect, simply followed the custom of country houses. This, of course, was a form of intemperance, but was a very different thing from the subject of Dr. Ingram's charge.

At the Salvation Army headquarters yesterday the *Daily Mirror* was informed that, although it is not uncommon to find University men among the destitute who drift into Salvation Army shelters, there was no reason to suppose that this was any indication of increased drunkenness at the University.

"Ninety per cent. of these men owe their fall to drink, it is true, but they seldom come into our hands before the age of forty or forty-five, and their bad habits may have been acquired after they left the University."

Church Army Tribute.

"At the present moment we have many broken-down professional men on our lists, but only a few of them are University men."

On behalf of the Church Army the Rev. W. Carille had practically the same thing to say.

"Varsity men do certainly drift into the shelters, but they are nearly always men of over forty, which, as Mr. Carille pointed out, is against 'Varsity sobriety of years ago rather than of the present day."

Among both present and past members of both Oxford and Cambridge the gravest indignation has been aroused by the Bishop of London's accusation.

"To accuse the 'Varsities, and Oxford especially, of drunkenness at the present day is almost too foolish for words," says one of the letters on the subject which were received at the *Daily Mirror* office yesterday.

"When I went to Oxford twenty-five years ago, what were known as 'wines' were things of nightly occurrence. My son is at my old college to-day, and I know that such things are rare."

Been Imposed On.

"The difference between his wine merchants' bills and my own are proof to me of that."

"Whisky and soda, and that in by no means large quantities, is almost the only drink."

An even more violent denial comes from a Cambridge graduate.

"The Bishop of London must either be thinking of the 'Varsity' of twenty years ago, or have been greatly imposed upon."

"He says the term a 'drunk' is a new one. I can vouch for it having been used ten years ago. Certainly I have known men drunk, but in no other community of a like size, especially a community of young men, have I known so little drinking."

"When I first went up I laid in a stock of wines and spirits which I imagined would be quite a necessity. I was laughed at for my pains by the senior men, and my stock lasted me nearly the whole of my three years."

"The man who is seen drunk is certainly not universally shunned as he would be elsewhere, but, considering that most of the men are but making their first acquaintance with alcohol in unrestricted quantities, and are also in that superabundantly healthy condition in which even a small quantity of drink makes a man riotous, the 'Varsities' might rather be called phenomenally sober than drunken."

"MATRONS OF HONOUR."

American Custom Introduced for First
Time at a London Wedding.

The "matrons of honour" were seen for the first time at a London wedding yesterday.

It was the occasion of the marriage of Miss Dulcie Milvain, daughter of the Judge Advocate-General, to Mr. John J. Pawson, of the 12th Lancers.

An enormous crowd had gathered outside the church, St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to see the matrons of honour, who were to follow bride and bridesmaids up the aisle.

There were four of them—the prospective sisters-in-law of the bride—all beautiful women, dressed alike in rose-pink chiffon, with lace caps. They were the Countess of Guilford, Mrs. Hargrave Pawson, Mrs. Carnegie Pawson, and Mrs. Philip Hardwick.

When the bride arrived at the church, she was met by the matrons and bridesmaids, the latter three in number—wearing white, with wreaths of pink lilies on their heads, and preceding the matrons, who brought up the rear of the bridal procession.

The "matron of honour" is an American innovation, and it attracted much attention; the church being crowded to its utmost capacity. Among the congregation were Lady Tenterden, Lord and Lady Guard, and Lord and Lady Harris.

Photographs of the wedding appear on page 11. One of them shows the interior of the church during the ceremony. It was specially made for the *Daily Mirror*, and is something of an achievement from a pictorial standpoint.

LOVER'S STORMING PARTY.

Rejected Hooligan Tries To Regain His
Former Sweetheart by Force.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—Last night a hotel at Boulogne-sur-Seine, a suburb of Paris, was attacked by hooligans, who were driven off by the guests with guns and revolvers.

One of the hooligans, a man named Bonnelarge, had courted a pretty young laundry-girl, named Suzanne Mansil, who, however, soon discovered that he was a man of abandoned character, and left him in disgust, going to live with her mother at a lodging-house, the Hotel du Transvaal.

The hooligan determined to carry the girl off by force, and last night he and fifteen of his fellows made an attack on the Hotel du Transvaal, using crowbars and jemmies. The noise aroused the inmates, who came to the windows and began to fire on the assailants with revolvers and a shotgun.

The hooligans returned the fire, but eventually two of their number fell, badly wounded, and the others, being warned that the police were coming, fled.

INFANT MARTYR.

Child Cruelly Done to Death Whist Going
on an Errand.

A sensational development is reported in connection with the death of little Elizabeth Peers, the ten-year-old girl, who was found dead on Sunday morning at Liverpool.

At first it was thought that her death was due to natural causes, but the coroner, at the opening of the inquest yesterday, reported that the medical men had certified death to be due to shock following upon an assault.

The Liverpool police, who have the case in hand, believe that the child, who was sent on an errand on Saturday night, was seized by the murderer and taken bodily to the entry. There a handkerchief was stuffed in her mouth and the assault committed.

UNEMPLOYED AT WHITEHALL.

Mr. James Macdonald, secretary of the London Trades Council, was yesterday informed that the Prime Minister will receive the deputation on the unemployed question on Monday next at one o'clock, at the Local Government Board offices.

TERRIBLE SHIPPING DISASTER.

News reached London yesterday from Helsingborg that the Russian steamer Johann and the Russian schooner Antares came into collision, and both sank soon afterwards. Twenty of the Johann's crew were drowned, and of the crew of the Antares only the carpenter was saved.

SUING AN EARL.

The Earl of Vernalund figured as a defendant in the King's Bench Division yesterday. Messrs. Rumball and Edwards, estate agents, of St. Albans, claimed for repairs on the Earl's estates in Hertfordshire and Essex. The case was adjourned.

BUMBLE'S GOLD KEY.

Strange Celebration by the Strand
Board of Guardians.

"NOT OUT OF THE RATES."

London's newest casual ward was opened with a golden key.

The new combined casual ward and receiving workhouse is just off Lincoln's Inn Fields. The casual ward department cost £11,884, and the workhouse £14,855.

When the Strand Guardians, who built the institution, surveyed their palatial work and the splendid quarters established for the inmates, the idea came to them that injustice would be done to such magnificence unless the opening ceremony were in harmony with the surroundings.

So a key which looked like 18-carat gold was made at a jeweller's. Expense was not spared. It occurred to no one that to open a casual ward with a golden key had its comic side.

The architect of the building, Mr. Alfred A. Kekwick, gravely handed the key to Mr. O. C. Wyllson, chairman of the Building Committee, who in turn solemnly passed it on to Mr. Robert Dodson, chairman of the board of guardians.

Not a Single Smile.

Mr. Dodson then, with great formality, and with no symptom of a smile, opened the casual ward with the golden key. And not a single person smiled.

Before the ceremony the guardians held a meeting. Mr. Higgs made a speech about the souvenirs that were to be distributed at the casual ward ceremony. He objected because they bore portraits of some of the guardians but none of Mr. Higgs.

To call attention to his grievance he moved the postponement of the entire gold key festival. Mrs. Evans, who seconded the motion, complained that in getting up the ceremony the committee had done a good deal for themselves, and little for other deserving guardians. It was understood that she alluded to Mr. Higgs and herself. The motion was lost.

The golden key and the pictures of the guardians were paid for out of their private pockets—not out of the rates.

RATEPAYERS' MONEY.

District Auditor Points Out Grave Irregularities to Westminster City Council.

A report on the accounts of one of their rate-collectors, which has been received by the Westminster City Council from the district auditor, calls attention to a grave irregularity in the keeping of accounts.

The auditor writes:—"The collector was discovered to be in default in accounting for and paying over his collections on March 23, and on the next day he paid in £236 6s. 10d. This covered all that could then be found due from him."

"It was the payment to the rate-account of a large cheque on his private account which attracted the attention of the bank, and led to the discovery of the retention of money in this case."

"The falsifications of accounts which covered the improper retention of the rate moneys was of the following character:—The collector availed himself of the fact that ratepayers who pay by cheque will wait some days for a receipt, and so deferred accounting for a number of sums collected in each week until he was making up the account of the next week."

"He was in the habit of banking these cheques to the rate account, and of retaining the equivalent in cash."

DOCTORS' PROTEST.

Medical Men Object to Coroner Giving His
Nominee a Monopoly of Post-Mortems.

An inquiry which is of the greatest interest to the medical profession was opened at the offices of the London County Council yesterday.

The British Medical Association, as ratepayers of London, dispute repayments made by the County Council to the coroner for the City of Westminster and South-West London for fees paid to a pathologist, Dr. Freyberger.

It was stated that Mr. Troutbeck, in violation of the express language of the Coroners' Act of 1887, had constituted Dr. Freyberger a permanent official.

Dr. Freyberger had appeared in 822 cases from April, 1904, to March, 1905. It involved a grave reflection on the medical men, said counsel for the association, that they should be either considered as not fit to hold a post-mortem examination, or for some other reasons not the persons to be trusted to give evidence before the coroner.

At the ratepayers' expense the children in the first year of attendance at the Hornsey Council's higher elementary school were taken for a trip to St. Albans yesterday, the outing being part of a course of instruction in history.

£2,000 STEALING THEEFT.

Skilful Burglary Carried Out in the
Heart of London.

Over two thousand pounds' worth of jewellery was stolen by daring burglars from a house in the very heart of London yesterday morning.

Mr. M. A. Romain, a diamond merchant and jeweller, who lives over his business premises in Duke-street, a narrow thoroughfare near Aldgate Station, E., retired to rest about two in the morning. At half-past six the servant came downstairs and discovered the merchant's office in utter confusion, and his safe broken open and ransacked.

From the burglars took a rope of pearls, 100 diamond rings, brooches, earrings, parcels of loose diamonds, emeralds, rubies, turquoises, and opals, and scores of other small articles.

To clank their eyeglasses the burglars pulled down the blind over the shop window and stopped all cracks and holes with paper, so that they could turn on the light unobserved.

The police, on investigating, found clues which give them hopes of being able to capture the criminals. There were plain finger-prints upon the window-sill of the sitting-room and in various places about the office, while in the outhouse from which a pair of steps was taken there was a distinct impression of a man's naked foot.

LORD ROSEBERY AS WITNESS.

Will Appear at Inquest on Girl Victim of
Motor-Car Accident.

Lord Rosebery, with other occupants, will be a witness at the inquest on the body of Miss Fanny Brown, who succumbed late on Monday to injuries received through being run over by the motor-car in which his lordship was being driven to King's Cross.

His lordship and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, to whom the car belonged, were kept closely informed of the state of the girl.

Her lover, summoned from Manchester, was present when she died.

VAST CARPET OF GRASS.

Whole Village Engaged in Making a Floor
Covering Measuring 63,000 Square Feet.

In the making of one gigantic carpet, 63,000 ft. in area, 200 people—practically the entire population of the village of Glemsford, Suffolk—have been for many weeks employed.

It is to be laid at Olympia, for the winter sports club.

Woven of cocoanut fibre and raffia grass, with a "pile" 1½ in. in thickness, and dyed green, the carpet looks and feels like genuine turf. It can be rolled smooth like a real lawn, and cricket, tennis, and hockey balls "play" off it in precisely the same fashion as they do off real growing grass.

In the making of the carpet, which will cost £5,000, more than twenty tons of raffia grass are being used. When finished the carpet will weigh forty-six tons.

During the winter croquet, lawn tennis, cricket, football, hockey, pelota, and other games will be played on it; and a magnificent music promenade and winter garden will carry Londoners out of the muck and drizzle of winter, at a step, into summer conditions.

"EXCHANGE" OF RINGS.

Display of Jewellery in the Hotel Cecil Ends
in an Exciting Strand Chase.

An exciting chase along the Strand from the Hotel Cecil had a sequel at the Bow-street Police Court yesterday, when James Walsh was charged with the theft of diamond rings.

An Acton jeweller said he drove to the Hotel Cecil with Walsh to show some rings to the latter's wife. Walsh, after having some of his own rings, worth about £32, valued, obtained six rings, worth £20, from him, and left the room, afterwards running from the hotel.

Walsh in court said that he was making a fair deal. He obtained permission to show the rings to his wife, and left some of his own with the jeweller. He was remanded.

CHEAPER RAILWAY FARES.

Some fares on the Metropolitan Railway are being reduced by half from to-day.

Where sistance was charged for a single first-class ticket from the West End and Paddington to the City, threepence procures one to-day. A second-class ticket costs twopence-halfpenny instead of fourpence, and a third twopence instead of threepence.

DISLOYAL IRISH STUDENTS.

Students at the recent conferment of degrees at Dublin University prevented the organist from playing the National Anthem. It is understood that the Senate will meet on Friday to consider how to deal with them.

NEW ZEALANDERS TRAIN ON NEW LINES.

Smoking and Drinking Do Not
Interfere with Play.

FEMININE ADMIRERS.

During the next ten days Londoners will have the chance, hitherto practically denied them, of seeing the invincible New Zealand footballers at work.

The Colonials play Surrey at Richmond to-day, Blackheath on Saturday, and Richmond on the following Saturday. Afterwards they go to Bedford, and will not be seen in the South again till the great match with All England at the Crystal Palace on December 2.

Meanwhile, at their Ealing headquarters, they are keeping themselves fit by a system of training all their own. They do not, as has been frequently stated, cut off their smoke and drink, or get up at seven, go to bed at ten, and practise in season and out of season.

One of the most famous of the team, interviewed yesterday by the *Daily Mirror*, smoked cigarettes throughout the interview, did not disdain liquid refreshment of the "stronger" variety, and explained that the team had been trained at all.

"It is true," he said, "that for the first ten days we trained pretty hard, but we were out of condition and needed it. Even then we gave up neither smoke nor drink, and never went to bed before eleven. In fact, we behaved like ordinary, common-sense mortals, excepting that every day we played a twelve-sided game among ourselves."

"Now that we are fully wound up we take no really hard exercise between matches. We get up somewhere between eight and ten, and after breakfast and a smoke, go off to the field we have near our headquarters and practise passing, kicking, and running for an hour or so. Have Champagne Occasionally."

"The afternoon we spend just as we like. We have lunch at half-past one, dine at half-past six, eat and drink exactly what other people do, including spirits and champagne when we get the opportunity. Consequently we run no risk of going stale, and are all just as fresh and keen as when we started."

"You may have seen the report that we wear silk yokes to our jerseys in order to make ourselves more slippery and difficult to collar. This is romance. We do wear a yoke, but it is of hard canvas, and its object is to make the jersey fit close to the neck and shoulders."

"What do we think of our future prospects? Well, we are not afraid of anyone, but if we were we should fear the Welshmen most. Their combination, from what we hear, is very strong."

"We are having a glorious time over here, and are simply beset by invitations."

"Letters from lady admirers? Yes; we have had plenty, and some very funny ones. Blank (mentioning the team's 'handsome man') gets several every post. They are mostly pretty well spoken, but one was really magnificent. It ran:—

"Dear Mr. C.—I thought you played a splendid game yesterday, and admire you so much. Do you think you could possibly return my admiration? If so meet me at six to-morrow at —, and so that I may know you, wear a white and crimson buttonhole."

"Was the invitation accepted? Well... it may have been!"

FOOTBALL IN THE STATES.

English "Pilgrims" Team Returns from
America Crowned with Laurels.

After all, there is consolation for the British football player. The New Zealanders have lowered the flags of many of our best provincial teams, but the "Pilgrims," who return to-day after an eight weeks' tour in the States and Canada, come back to us covered, not merely with physical, but with moral laurels.

They have drawn big and applauding crowds all along their line of route, and the public opinion of their methods is thus expressed by the "New York Sun"—

"There is no doubt of 'soccer' being a scientific game when well played."

"Speed and quickness are essential, and a man must be an athlete to play it successfully. Yesterday there were lots of chances for brilliant individual play, and the Englishmen especially availed themselves of every opportunity; but team work, as shown here in the big college games, is entirely different, and individual skill in dribbling and passing and kicking the ball with just the proper amount of 'English' is everything. The Association game is essentially football."

President Roosevelt recently raised his voice against the brutality of the American game. The American public usually listens when he speaks. It is to be hoped it will listen now.

LOVE-SICK BARON'S SUICIDE.

Miss Gertie Millar Gives Evidence at the Inquest on Her
Infatuated Admirer.

How Baron Rau von Holzhausen, the young German, who was infatuated by the charms of Miss Gertie Millar, the Gaiety star, shot himself in that lady's boudoir, was told to the coroner and a jury at St. Pancras Coroner's Court yesterday.

The tragedy has excited the keenest interest in view of the popularity of Miss Gertie Millar (whose name in private life is Mrs. Monckton), and before the court was opened it was besieged by a large crowd.

Mrs. Monckton, dressed in mourning with the exception of a long sable cape, was accompanied by her husband and Mr. F. C. Gill, K.C., who was present, as he stated, to assist in throwing every possible light upon the tragedy.

The crowded court, in which were several members of the theatrical profession, stirred slightly as the coroner, Mr. Walter Schroeder, called the first witness.

He was a stout German named Ernst Theobald Finck, an hotel proprietor, and spoke English with difficulty. He gave the name of the deceased as Gunther Rau von Holzhausen, twenty-three years of age, and stated that the dead man was a young German nobleman of independent means.



BARON RAU VON HOLZHAUSEN.

The young Baron had a brother in the German army, and had himself occupied a rank just below that of an officer.

Witness spoke of the troubles the Baron had told him of as of a trifling nature—a fall from a horse and some difficulty about his military service.

Mr. Gill asked witness to explain an indistinct reference made to honour in the German army.

Witness: A German aristocrat, if there is anything wrong, is too proud to tell it, but shoots himself.

Mr. John Peters, manager of the Grosvenor Hotel, stated that Von Holzhausen had occupied a room there since September 6 up to a fortnight ago; his bills amounting to about £10 a week had been regularly paid. The Baron had been rendered an account the previous Thursday, intimating that he could not be allowed much further credit.

The next witness was Kate Farrell, Mrs. Monckton's parlourmaid. She locked up the boudoir on Saturday night as usual about ten o'clock, and turned out the lights.

On Sunday morning she went into the room, drew up the blinds, and then noticed that a pane of glass in the window had been broken. A table had also been moved, and she suspected burglars.

"I went into another room," she continued, "to see if anything was missing. Then, about 8.50, I returned. I commenced to pick up the glass, when I saw something grey on the floor by the piano. I looked again, and saw it was the stocking foot of a man, and then saw a crouching figure."

"I didn't know what I was doing, and in a dream I ran out of the room to call Mr. Monckton. As I got to the drawing-room I heard the sound of a shot."

Mr. Lionel Monckton's Evidence.

Mr. Lionel Monckton, in long fur coat, was called next. "I did not know the Baron personally," he said, "but my wife had spoken to me about him two or three times, and was speaking of him to my wife only on the Saturday evening. She told me that the deceased had been in the front row of the stalls at the matinee performance. When I went to the theatre in the evening to fetch my wife she told me that just as she was going on the stage a note was handed to her from the deceased. That note unfortunately we tore up."

"Mrs. Monckton," called the coroner, and Miss Gertie Millar made her way from the back of the court to the witness-box. Seated with her face half-turned towards the coroner, she gave her evidence in a pleasant, well-modulated voice, easily heard throughout the room.

"I have known the Baron," she said, "about

eighteen months. He has written to me, and I have replied to his letters. Two or three times he has visited our house."

"About a month ago," Miss Millar replied, when the coroner asked when she last met Von Holzhausen. "Mrs. Wood (a friend) and I had lunch with him at the Savoy. He was rather downhearted and said he had been thrown from his horse two days before and was unconscious for some minutes. A few days later I received a note from him."

"Absolutely Done—Ruined."

"I know," he wrote, "I have always been something of a mystery to you, and now I want to tell you all about myself. I am absolutely done—ruined. My people wanted me to stick to the army, which I refused to do."

"I brought a small fortune with me from Germany. I have been backing all —'s horses, and at last I am utterly worn out, like an old man."

Miss Millar told how she had broken off the acquaintance, but after he had returned from Nice he wrote to her, saying he had been very ill. So the acquaintance was renewed. She never thought for a moment that he had really come to the end of his resources.

Saw Him in the Stalls.

"I could not help smiling when I read the note on Saturday," added Miss Millar. "He had written telling me he was ruined, and then I had a note from the Savoy Hotel, and saw him in the first of the stalls."

Questioned by Mr. Gill, Miss Millar said that deceased had had tea at her house with other people. She then added slowly, and with great emphasis:—

"I have never, never had lunch or any meal with him alone."

The next witness was a police-constable, who described the finding of the body. There was no money, no watch or chain on the body, only a few trifles being found in the deceased's clothes. Among them was a letter from Mrs. Monckton, which Mr. Gill desired should be read.

Miss Millar's Letter.

It was a note referring to the luncheon a month ago, and ran:—

69, Russell-square, Wednesday.
Dear Gunther,—Mrs. Wood is staying with me, and she tells me you had only just left Oddenino's when I walked in. I had been examining some pupils for the scholarship, so I got there very late.

I have been very seely, and not been able to play, but am back at the theatre now, and am feeling better."

If you will, Mrs. Woods and I will lunch with you on Friday next at Oddenino's. Let me know if this suits you.—Sincerely yours,
G. M.

Mr. Goehr, a merchant, a German friend of the deceased, gave evidence that he had seen Von Holzhausen in financial difficulties in April last. He had then told the witness that he had raised a mortgage of £900 in Germany, but that he had not been able to obtain the money owing, he said, to his solicitor having taken no action in the matter. Subsequently, however, he did receive the money.

Borrowed a Sovereign.

Witness saw the deceased last on Saturday morning, when he borrowed a sovereign.

Mr. Gill then asked that a letter sent by the dead man to Mrs. Monckton should be read. He said it would show the character of the communications sent to the lady.

The following extracts from a letter were then read in court:—

I thank you very much for your letter, and I hope it is not the last one. I have been very ill during the last two weeks. As I did not feel quite recovered I could not go to the Gaiety Theatre. The doctor forbade me to go out in the evening. I have got a very bad cold, and for some time I must be very careful.

Yesterday I saw your photographs in the "Sketch." What have you done with your hair? I can't imagine you as a French girl. How do you do? I hope you are very well. I very often think of you. Shall I ever see you again? I wish I could be your little girl. What a lucky little creature she is.

I feel very lonely in this monotonous life. I hope I don't annoy you by my letter. In any case I will endeavour to be your best and most faithful friend.

For a few moments after the coroner had summed up the jury considered amongst themselves. Then the foreman stood up. "We think," he said emphatically, "the injury was self-inflicted, and we are of opinion that the deceased was in his right mind when he committed the act."

The Coroner: That is a verdict of *felo de se*. You say he committed self-murder.

The Foreman: Yes.

The Coroner: That is the opinion of you all?

The Foreman: Yes.

AT THE "DOGS' SCHOOL."

Teacher's Troubles Over Her Tenant's
Fondness for Puppies.

Two schoolmistresses, one before Mr. Justice Ridley, and the other before Mr. Justice Bray, had troubles adjusted in the Law Courts yesterday.

Miss Ethel Frances Sykes, who has a school at Apsley-villas, Acton, obtained £20 damages; Miss Annie Brown, of the West Hill County Council School, Wandsworth, had to pay £5.

The story of which Miss Sykes was the heroine was the most picturesque. She had last year sublet a portion of her school-house to a Mr. Williams. While this arrangement was being made Mr. Williams had casually mentioned that he was fond of dogs and possessed two pet dogs, called Soldier, and Miss Sykes, who does not like dogs, somewhat reluctantly agreed to putting up with them.

But when, after the summer holidays, she returned to take possession of the scholastic part of the house she found, to her horror, in the back garden, not merely Soldier and Miss Sykes, but two other full-grown dogs, and no fewer than seven puppies.

When the puppies had grown to young dogs' estate there were eleven animals running over the back garden and into the schoolroom whenever the windows were opened.

Acton people called the school "the dogs' school"; some parents even threatened to withdraw their little girls on account of possible bites.

Fortunately for Miss Sykes the whole menagerie has now departed.

The other schoolmistress, Miss Brown, had the misfortune to make a mistake with regard to a lodger, Mrs. Kearns, and a five-pound note. This schoolmistress thought that the note had some connection with the fact that the lodger had suddenly acquired an access of wardrobe.

The schoolmistress committed her suspicions, afterwards admitted to be unfounded, to writing, with the result that she had to pay damages.

LAST DAYS OF "SANGER'S."

Sale of the Circus That Has Delighted Young
England for Fifty Years.

"Lord" George Sanger, best-known of circus proprietors, gives his final performance to-day with Mr. Tom Norman, the "Silver King" and auctioneer, as ring-master.

The last performance but one was given yesterday, when "Lord" George, enthroned upon a gilded chariot, opened an auction sale of all his circus property at his East Finchley farm.

Two hundred lots of "accessories," once-brilliant costumes, vans, cages, and weapons, were disposed of yesterday, while elephants, camels, and lions looked placidly on, unconscious that they, too, will come under the hammer to-day.

Surrounded by a group of circus people, the veteran showman left his chair and made the final break of bidders, only a spectator at the final break-up of the organisation which has made his name a by-word all over England.

ALGEBRA FOR ISLANDERS.

Ill-Chosen Literary Diet for the Natives of
Tristan da Cunha.

The explorer, and owner of the yacht Pandora, Thomas Caradoc Kerry, who is a member of the Royal Geographical Society, yesterday once more appeared at Bow-street charged with stealing devotional and other books, etc., entrusted to him for delivery to the inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha.

An idea of what some people consider as suitable literary fare for these good natives can be gathered from yesterday's statement of Ernest Walter Andrews, who accompanied the expedition.

About a week before the Pandora reached Las Palmas, said Andrews, 1,500 books were brought up on deck. Kerry told the crew to take what they liked. The rest were consigned to the deep.

Witness kept a number of the books, including one of elementary algebra. The case was adjourned.

JUST PLAIN "S."

"Charles S. Jenkins," said a witness, with an American accent, at St. Pancras Coroner's Court yesterday.

The Coroner: What does "S." stand for?—Just "S."—plain "S." I stick it there so my letters should reach me all right.

BANISHING STREET TRADERS.

"We are," said Sir David Evans at the City Summons Court yesterday, "within measurable distance of excluding all street traders in London. We shall soon seek parliamentary aid to do away with street trading altogether."

The Dean of Raphoe (Very Rev. Joseph Potter) died suddenly yesterday at Letterkenney, Co. Donegal.

MARRIAGE OF MONEY AND TITLE.

Judge Bluntly Sums Up the Countess's Divorce Suit.

DECREE GRANTED.

"On the one side the Count was chiefly influenced by the lady's money, and, on the lady's part, she was willing to acquire the rank of her husband by her money."

Such was the blunt comment of Mr. Justice Bargrave Denne, when he granted a decree nisi, with costs to Countess Anna de Hamel de Manin against the Count on the ground of the latter's misconduct and cruelty.

The case has been of peculiar interest because the Count is one of an historic line of nobles, and some of the episodes related in the evidence were distinctly of a French and theatrical type.

Towards the close Mr. Wallace, K.C., on behalf of the Count, withdrew the cross-petition against the wife—a proceeding which evoked the approval of the Judge.

ANXIOUS FOR DIVORCE.

Then during the closing speeches of counsel, his Lordship intervened with a suggestion.

"These two people," he remarked, with fearless truth, "are getting on in life. Is a divorce really necessary? Might not some arrangement be made whereby a judicial separation will be sufficient?"

Mr. Barnard (for the Countess) said they wanted a divorce.

The Judge: Very well, then. You had better go on. I merely made the suggestion.

Mr. Barnard consulted the Countess, and once more intimated that his client desired a decree.

In his speech delivering judgment, the Judge, in addition to the passage given above, expressed the opinion that the marriage was one of affection on both sides, but there was no doubt that troubles arose over money matters.

After seeing the Count in the box, he was of opinion that the gentleman was of excitable temperament, and a man capable of very warm feeling.

He did not believe that the Count deliberately set himself to be cruel to his wife. He did things for which afterwards he would be sorry.

His Lordship dealt in detail with the evidence of cruelty, and found that the Count had been guilty of cruelty as well as of misconduct. A decree nisi with costs would therefore be granted.

DRUNKARDS CURED.

Personal Experiences of Will-Power and Religion as Cures.

From the numerous letters we have received on this subject, showing that it is a matter deeply and closely affecting the welfare of the nation, we make another selection this morning:—

DRUNKARDS RELAPSES.

I am much interested in the letters on this subject. I know a case of an elderly man who was for many years a confirmed drunkard; he is now a pious abstainer, and speaks at temperance meetings.

Judge Rentoul says that in his experience no confirmed and so-called "cured" drunkard ever died before he had once or twice gone back to his evil habit. The man I allude to is still living, and for certainly twenty years he has faithfully kept the pledge.

ANNIE CLARK.
1, Norfolk-place, Brighton.

WHAT A PLEDGE MEANS.

Can drunkards be cured? No—not by any means of man or in our own strength; but Yes—by the help of God, and with the grace of God in our hearts.

The usual form of pledge runs "I promise by God's help to abstain from," etc. (How many really mean this when signing?)

May I say that both from a large general, as well as from my own personal, experience, unless God is in the heart, no drunkard can be permanently cured?

R. E. BENJANS.
Barnes.

GOOD AS HIS WORD.

My father, an Irishman and an Army man, present age ninety-two, was a confirmed drunkard. I have seen him drunk for days at the time in India, where I was born.

When he came home from India he went to live at Ardford, near Tralee, Co. Kerry, and spent most of my mother's money at the one public-house there.

One day he had no money, and asked the landlady to trust him. When she refused he went out on the doorstep and knelt down and swore he never would drink another drop as long as he lived, and he has kept his promise to me.

He says now that if he had continued the cursed poison he would have been dead years ago. He took no pledge, only his own word.

CHARLES HUBBERT.
Stamshaw-road, Portsmouth.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

The Volunteer year ended yesterday with an estimated shortage of 3,000 officers.

The British Association yesterday decided to accept the invitation to hold next year's meeting at Leicester.

Dr. Chase was installed as Bishop of Ely yesterday, and preached his first sermon to a large congregation.

Replying to Mr. Balfour's communication declining to accept the freedom of the city, the Mayor of Newcastle yesterday said that the inhabitants would regret the Premier's refusal.

While the liner *Majestic* was being overhauled at Liverpool yesterday the body of a fireman who had been burnt to death was found on a fan in the stokehold, where he had gone to sleep.

Anticipating an early general election, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress yesterday issued a manifesto advocating a vigorous campaign in favour of trade union legislation.

"A man told me he voted for me out of pure gratitude because I had discharged him from Colney Hatch Asylum," said Mr. J. S. Fletcher, the new M.P. for Hampstead, discussing his victory in a speech at Egham.

Stanley Conder, the boy with a mania for surreptitious railway travelling, has a rival in George Frederick Ellison, aged seven, of King's Heath, near Birmingham. He journeyed to Sheffield without a ticket, but was detained there until his mother fetched him home again.

There is so little bustle in Aberystwyth that a pheasant was yesterday seen strolling serenely down one of its streets.

After a very rough passage the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia arrived at Dover yesterday from Calais.

Mr. Joseph James was yesterday appointed, by the Birmingham City Council, to succeed the late Mr. C. E. Mathews as clerk of the peace.

After carrying out his duties to the last, Canon Maturin, fifty-two years vicar of Leamington, and the oldest clergyman in the south of England, died suddenly in his ninety-first year.

A new industry has been found in Edinburgh. At the police court yesterday a detective stated that a man of nineteen, who appeared in the dock, made a living by seeing drunken men home.

Three well-dressed men, named Ellis, Jardin, and Smith, were committed for trial at the Mansion House yesterday on a charge of being concerned in passing gilded Jubilee sashes as half-sovereigns.

Increase of business and the necessity of preparing to fight the Electric Power Bill were given as reasons for the decision yesterday to raise the capital of the Westminster Electric Supply Corporation, Limited, from £800,000 to £2,000,000.

Hertfordshire County Council has decided that pianos should not be provided for public elementary schools out of the rates, because, apart from the cost, it would involve a new qualification for teachers, who would have to be able to play them.

THE ENGLISH "PILGRIMS" FOOTBALL TEAM



Who returned yesterday from a successful tour in America. The Americans have been much impressed with the Association game. It came as a surprise to them that any game of football could be brought to a conclusion without loss of limb or life. American football is of a very dangerous nature, and President Roosevelt has strongly denounced it.

Three battleships for Brazil are to be built in this country.

Mr. Adrian Peattent, of Worthing, is believed to be one of the killed in the Kansas City railway disaster.

Colonel William George Webb, M.P. since 1890 for the Kingswinford Division of Staffordshire, left a fortune of £392,800.

To save time a solicitor received his client's instructions in a cab while on his way to Westminster County Court yesterday.

On her homeward voyage from the Black Sea the Newcastle steamer *Aureole* found and took in tow a derelict self-propelled floating frame worth £15,000.

At Ganton (Scarborough) a fox-terrier has been trained to retrieve golf balls. One morning the intelligent little animal found fifteen balls before play commenced.

Over a ton and a half of groceries were received at Dover Royal Victoria Hospital in response to the mayor's appeal on "pound day," when "pounds" of any goods were asked for.

Since February the rateable value of the City of Westminster has increased by nearly £300,000, the figures, according to the new list to be presented at to-morrow's council meeting, being £6,201,786.

Mr. Freeman Wright, the gifted young baritone, is singing three songs from the pen of Mr. Edward Nichols at Steinway Hall on Thursday next. They include the popular little song, "God Keep Thee Pure," and two new ones likely to become very popular, "Love's Parting" and the "Top of the Morning."

By command of the King the carriage-drive of the famous Long Walk at Windsor, nearly three miles in length, is being considerably widened, in order to afford a better approach to the Castle.

Another "Idiot, age twenty-eight, champion idler," advertised in the "Times" for a remunerative position in any capacity in town or country. He further represents himself as "horribly nervous and absolutely unreliable."

Miss Constance Collier and Mlle. Adeline Genée, as representing the drama in its serious and its lighter vein, will be the guests, on the occasion of the ladies' dinner of the O. P. Club, at the Criterion, on December 10.

Mr. Carnegie has ordered a special edition of the forthcoming volume of collected poems of Mr. W. W. Campbell, Canada's lyric and dramatic poet, for presentation to his libraries throughout the English-speaking world.

Northampton lives up to its reputation for stirring times during elections. From the heated statements made at some of the municipal candidates' meetings, there are said to be grounds enough for a dozen libel actions.

An extraordinary taste for mixtures caused the death from ptomaine poisoning of Lucy Archdale, aged twelve, of Salford. Her father said she would eat chip potatoes, pickles, sweets, or anything. One of these orgies had a fatal result.

In a few weeks' time Londoners will be able to journey from the Strand to the Angel, Islington, by electric traction, as the scheme of the London County Council for connecting the northern tramways with the new section under Kingsway is now almost completed.

MARKETS BUOYANT.

Russian Good News Leads to General Rise in Prices.

JAPANESE NEW LOAN.

CAPEL COURT, Tuesday Evening.—It was an interesting and somewhat exciting day on the Stock Exchange. There was a complete change of front in the political situation, owing to the concessions by the Tsar and one or two minor contributions, such as the termination of the Spanish ministerial crisis and the Sultan climbing down in his struggle with the Powers.

It was a wonderful clearance of politics, therefore, and, as Paris is now tackling its monthly settlement, that other bogey is out of the way. Tomorrow is the usual November holiday of the Stock Exchange, and, with the clearance of the political atmosphere, and some hope of money being just a little cheaper—at all events next month—the "bears" were in quite a hurry to scramble in and buy back the stock they had sold.

KAFFIR IMPROVEMENT.

A good, fairly brisk day's business was the result, higher prices ruling all round, even in the Kaffir market. Consols were put up as high as 88 13-16, and were it not that improving trade means increased demands upon our money resources, we should see better prices still.

Next to the Russian Constitution the most interesting point, of course, was the coming of the new Japanese loan. There seems to be no doubt about this, and the market has been strong in all Japanese securities in consequence. The loan is said to be for £66,000,000 in Four per-Cents, at 90, which is certainly highly favourable to the Japanese Government. But it is not like a fresh loan, for out of the proceeds some of the internal and external issues should be redeemed—there are £40,000 of Sixes to pay off—and offers will no doubt be made to holders of external Sixes to effect certain exchanges.

The cost, therefore, to the Japanese Government for its loan service should be reduced, and consequently the market highly approved the arrangement, and it is thought that the Continent and America will be equally enthusiastic with London in the matter. Some expect the loan next Friday.

FOREIGN STOCKS RISE.

The effect of the Tsar's decree was to put up Russians to 91½, whereas last night they were only 89, and a very bad market at that. All Foreign Government stocks were helped, and those shares like the leading copper securities, which are dealt in in the Foreign market, were strong in sympathy.

So far as our own markets were concerned, the chief feature was again the strength of Home Rails. Investment business is growing daily. The expectation of good traffic to-morrow, when the Stock Exchange will be closed, seemed also to lighten the pessimists, and there was a smart lift in prices in which Great Northern Deferred, Great Westerns, Midlands, and Scottish stocks were very prominent. With the exception of the Great Eastern decrease, those traffic returns usually published on a Tuesday, were very satisfactory.

There was, of course, a levelling up in Americans with other things, especially as New York has lately been very nervous about Russia and its effect upon the European markets. Canadian Rails also seemed quite cheerful, Grand Trunks getting over their disappointment about yesterday's monthly statement.

The subscription-list for the 4½ per Cent. Guaranteed First Mortgage Debenture Stock in Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad Company, Limited, closes to-morrow (Thursday).

KING'S NEW PORTRAIT.

Sketch by Mr. Harold Speed in "The World and His Wife."

The November number of "The World and His Wife" is a more than usually brilliant one. It contains so many cleverly-written articles on subjects which are of permanent interest to every English family, and the illustrations are so beautifully produced, that it is almost impossible to make a choice out of this "embarrassment of riches."

But enough to make the number a thing worth keeping is the absolutely new portrait of the King, sketched on the cover by Mr. Harold Speed, whose portrait of His Majesty was the great feature of the last *Advertiser*. Besides this, there is an exquisite portrait of Princess Henry of Prussia, in the manner of Hellen, as a frontispiece.

The "outspoken article" of this month, which will set everybody, and especially military people, talking, is by Mr. H. W. W. and it deals with the troubled question of "The Woman Behind the War Office," who has her fair finger in the pie of almost every officer in the Army.

"The World and His Wife" is such an attractive, and, above all, such a substantial, magazine that it ought to supply reading for every family that reads at all—until the next number comes out in December.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at—
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1905.

WHY THE TSAR GAVE WAY.

EVERYONE is talking about the magnanimity of the Tsar. Let us just see what he has done. All his life he has asserted, and presumably believed, that he was ordained by God to rule autocratically over All the Russias. He has said again and again that he regarded autocracy as a sacred trust. When it was questioned, he had the questioners shot or sent to Siberia.

He had no pity for the victims of disorders caused by his stubborn attitude. He had no shame for the defeats which Russia suffered through his obstinacy. Nothing moved him until he felt his throne toppling. Then in a panic he threw away the autocratic theory and declared himself willing to become a Constitutional ruler.

If it is magnanimous to swallow the convictions of a lifetime, to abandon a "sacred trust" because your head is in danger, to forswear your creed when a bayonet is at your throat, then the Tsar has been magnanimous indeed!

If he had granted a Constitution of his own free will, even if he had yielded to the popular voice at the beginning of this year, he would have shown real greatness of mind. But to hold out until the last moment and then to be forced to give way—that is the conduct of a small-minded man.

Let us give Nicholas credit for prudence, for showing sense at last, for repenting at the eleventh hour. But to talk of his magnanimity, his regard for his people's interests—that is foolish talk. He climbed down because he could not help it, and for no other reason at all. B. R.

CASUAL WARD GOLD KEY.

How can we kill Bumble or give him a sense of humour?

The Strand Board of Guardians has just opened a new Workhouse and Casual Ward in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The addition of another refuge for the destitute to the large number already existing in London scarcely seems an occasion for festivity. The thoughts aroused in most minds by such a pitiful state of things are anything but joyful.

Bumble, however, sees in a new workhouse just the chance for one of those pompous little hole-and-corner ceremonies which he loves. So he arranges a "formal opening," with a procession, speech-making, no doubt refreshments; a "souvenir" containing portraits of the members of the Board chiefly concerned; and—will it be believed?—a gold key to open the door with!

A gold key to open a casual ward! The incongruity of such a proceeding would occur to anyone with even a most elementary sense of the ridiculous.

But one of the great points about our local legislators, Aldermen or County Councilmen, is that they have no appreciation of the ridiculous.

If they had some of them would spend a good deal of time in laughing at themselves. H.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The religion of Christ is peace and goodwill; that of Christendom war and ill-will.—*Landor*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Duke and Duchess of Somerset are entertaining a house-party this week at their beautiful house, Maiden Bradley, near Bath, which includes Prince Liechtenstein and his wife. The Prince is an unusual and interesting person, and something of the romance of one of Grimm's fairy-tales hangs about his family and the Principality which the first branch of it is supposed to govern. Liechtenstein is the smallest constitutional monarchy in the world, and with Monaco and the Republic of San Marino, in Italy, it must surely be the smallest of independent European States.

The miniature Principality is on the borders of Switzerland and the Tyrol. It does not require much governing, which is perhaps fortunate, as its rulers spend most of their time far from their tiny capital of Vaduz in more attractive Vienna, where most of the Liechtenstein family, and especially clever Prince Aloise, engage in the complications of Austrian politics. The way in which this

men are in the habit of being accused of such ghastly crimes—of "ragging" and torturing one another, of smoking themselves to death, of drinking too much tea, of playing too much football, of playing too little, and looking on too much while others play—that they are beginning now to cultivate a distinguished indifference under the scorn of the outside world.

Dr. Ingram, nevertheless, had and has still a very remarkable influence at the university. Renowned as a preacher, not brilliant, perhaps, but still with "no nonsense" about him, he always draws enormous crowds of undergraduates to St. Mary's for the Varsity sermon on Sunday. Unfortunately the undergraduates who go to hear him are of a different type from those who get drunk, and they do so with very frequency, as the Warden of New College, Dr. Spooner, has just asserted, are few. Nothing makes a man more quickly unpopular at Oxford than a habit of "soaking." As to a certain conviviality on great occasions, that is a different matter, and that, in point of fact, was not the kind of failing indicated by

to exist in spite of all, and the strain of being alone in a crowd appears not to have the smallest effect upon his nerves.

The problem of what to do with our mighty dead is a perennial one in England. People never get weary of it, and on every occasion when a great man is buried in Westminster Abbey many voices are raised to make suggestions as to how room may be found for the future. The latest suggestion comes from the well-known architect, Mr. G. F. Bodley, who proposed in yesterday's "Times" that the space in Dean's Yard where the boys at Westminster School now occasionally disport themselves, should be formed into a kind of Camp Santo for the burial of the famous.

Mr. Bodley's suggestion, however, is far more sensible than many of those made in the past on this subject, and were Dean's Yard to become a cemetery near Dunstable. As the Dean and Mr. Bodley stood before the pulpit, the architect said: "You had better have a scroll painted round that. What words would you like inserted?" The Dean thought for a moment, then replied: "Is it not true that ye must weary my people, but that ye must weary my God also?"

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE CLERGY AND THE STAGE.

As one keenly interested in the Actors' Church Union, I wish to protest in the strongest possible manner against the words attributed to Preb. Webb-Peploe in the newspapers lately. The inference to be drawn therefrom is that the theatre is a sink of iniquity.

It is nothing of the kind. Actors, actresses, and the audiences who enjoy their work are, to say the least of it, no worse than any other members of the human race. I was a "professional" myself for fifteen years, and I can truthfully say that I have met none more noble, none more generous, none better in every way, than in the theatrical and musical world.

Preb. Webb-Peploe says his curate told him that a manager said "he would rather see his daughter's hand cut off than that she should go upon the stage." What would Preb. Webb-Peploe think if he heard a man say that no son of his should ever enter the ministry—because he saw that almost every week or two a clergyman stood in the dock, accused of some crime? What could he say but to admit sorrowfully that we are all but human beings? "Let him that is without sin first cast his stone."

(Rev.) W. A. ("HOUSTON") COLLISON,
Mus. Doc., B.A., etc.
1, Lexham-gardens; W.

THE LAW FOR THE RICH.

I read with pleasure your article in Saturday's *Daily Mirror*, denouncing the shameful encouragement given by the Recorder of Barnstable to an act of wanton brutality.

I am sure you have the moral support of all humane persons, and I sincerely hope you will not let the matter end here. C. C. WILLIAMS.
30, Beverley-road, Barnes, S.W.

It is a great injustice that this so-called "gentleman," Mr. Bell, should be allowed to pay what his man is a small fine for inflicting torture on cats just to give his hounds practice for hunting. I think the matter ought to be carried further by making a protest to the Lord Chancellor. W. WENNELL.
38, Bradstock-road, N.E.

"SHIVERING ENGLAND."

Let him who complains of being cold in England come out here from November to February, and after suffering the bitter cold which lasts from sunset to sunrise, enter a Spanish house and try to warm himself over a "braser" filled with glowing charcoal.

He will not be long in deciding that the "abundant open grate," with well-fitting doors and thick carpets (both wanting here), are far superior to the ordinary Continental ideas of comfort. Santa Catalina, Madrid. R. COOPER.

IN MY GARDEN.

OCTOBER 31.—The heavy rain has brought down great showers of leaves. Even the vine begot to shed its summer foliage. If a city garden is desired in winter, leaves must be removed from lawns and walks, but this is better be done when the trees are quite bare.

The cheerful evergreen thorn, with its bright clusters of orange-scarlet berries, is now a favourite resort of the thrushes; they are also seen peering up at the yew hedge. The evergreen thorn is a very charming plant for training on walls, as beside looking beautiful late in the autumn, it is decked with white flowers early in the year.

E. F. T.

THE TSAR AND HIS STARVING PEOPLE.



At last, when Russia is on the brink of revolution, the Tsar has consented to grant a Constitution to his people. But it was necessary to terrify him into doing so.

tiny State arranged its affairs when Prince John I., asked, in 1816, to be allowed to govern it, was amusing. The worthy burghers of his capital town consented to let the Prince rule them, only they warned him that they could not afford to pay a single penny for the privilege.

So the Prince politely consented to pay his own way, and to support his own drummers, footmen, equeries, and other Court officials. So far, so good. There came a time, however, when the frugally-minded burghers perceived that the Prince, although he supported himself, caused, nevertheless, a certain amount of expense to the town. So they called upon him in a body and suggested that he should pay them a fixed sum every year for the joy of ruling over them. And once more the Prince consented, and you have, in the case of Liechtenstein, the solitary instance of a State that has succeeded in getting paid by its Government! The business instinct is evidently strong amongst the valleys and mountains of the Tyrol.

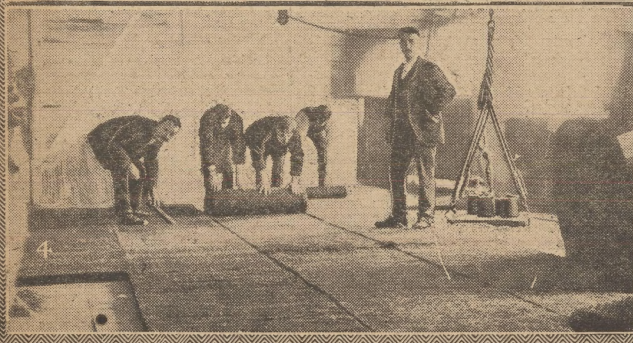
The Bishop of London has set the general world talking with a vigour about Oxford by suggesting that a wave of intoxication is passing over the place. Whether he has set Oxford men talking or thinking on this debated question is another matter. Oxford

Dr. Ingram, who seems to have had the Oxford Colleges under detective observation for some time.

A truly astonishing person is Mr. Horner, M.P., whose political destiny is now being actively debated by his constituents in North Lambeth. One can scarcely withhold a measure of admiration for the "nerve" of one who goes on with his life in exactly the same way whatever the world may say about him, and who, while the world is full of amazing stories of sums fraudulently obtained by him from Continental hotels and banks, and of his dodging about from place to place to avoid irate creditors, continues to behave exactly as though he were a citizen of unblemished reputation and of the most humdrum domestic habits.

Do you remember, when you were at school, what it was like to be "sent to Coventry"? An unpleasant experience which few could resist for more than a day or two together. Yet that is practically Mr. Horner's position when he frequents the House of Commons. He is in Coventry there—nobody speaks to him, that goes without saying, but neither does anybody answer him when addressed. Those whom he accosts in a friendly, matter-of-course manner glare at him blankly as they pass on. He is the ghost of his former political self, nobody sees or hears him. Yet he manages

MAKING OLYMPIA GIANT CARPET

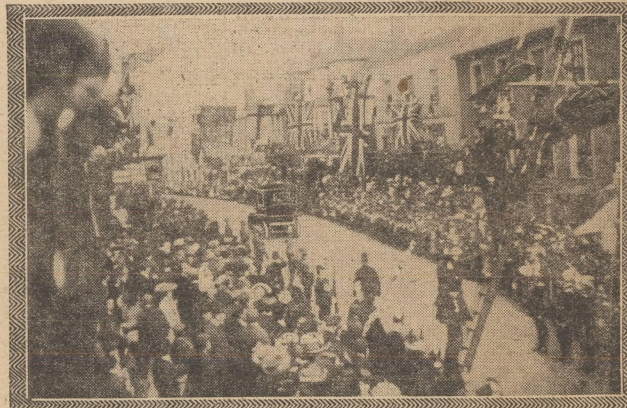


Photographs of the making of the enormous turf-like carpet for Olympia, on which lawn tennis, cricket, football, etc., will be played. The carpet is being woven at Glemsford by Messrs. Harrod, and will take four months to complete and will be the largest carpet in the world. (1) Unpacking the raffia grass which arrives in plats; (2) boys hanging out the dyed grass to dry; (3) sewing the back of the carpet with fibre to strengthen it; (4) packing the finished pieces for transit to London.



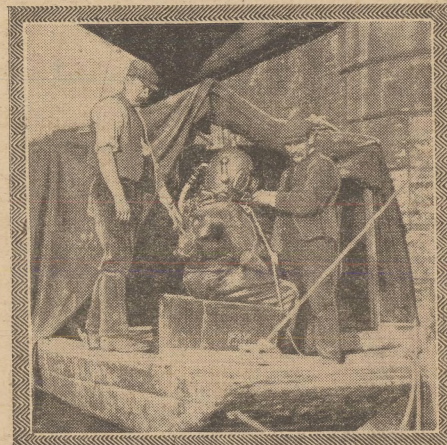
CURRENT EVENTS

BISHOP'S STORTFORD AND THE



Everywhere the King goes his wonderful popularity is proved by the enormous crowd. In exception, for the whole countryside poured into Bishop's Stortford to welcome his Majesty. The photograph on the left shows the King passing through the gaily-decorated streets. On the right, a view of the town at his reception, and sent to the King.

REPAIRING KINGSTON BRIDGE.



Photograph showing the diver in his grotesque dress about to descend. He is engaged in repairing the Kingston Railway Bridge over the river.

"POWDER DRY."



Was the text of the King when unveiling the monument.

SNAPSHOTS OF INCIDENTS DURING THE VISIT



During his visit to Spain President Loubet experienced many novel sensations. The photograph on the left shows him in a motor car, driven by the King himself, who seems to be enjoying the situation; (2) President Loubet in a motor car, and (3) scene inside a motor car.

EVENTS IN PICTURES

COUNTRYSIDE GREET THE KING.



As the King passed through the town, the crowds which assemble to welcome, cheer, and catch a glimpse of him. Yesterday was no exception as he passed through on a motor-car on his way from Bishop's Hall to Newmarket. The pictures on the right are shown the crowds who cheered his Majesty to the echo. The King was delighted to see his messenger back to say so.

"SWORD KEEN"—



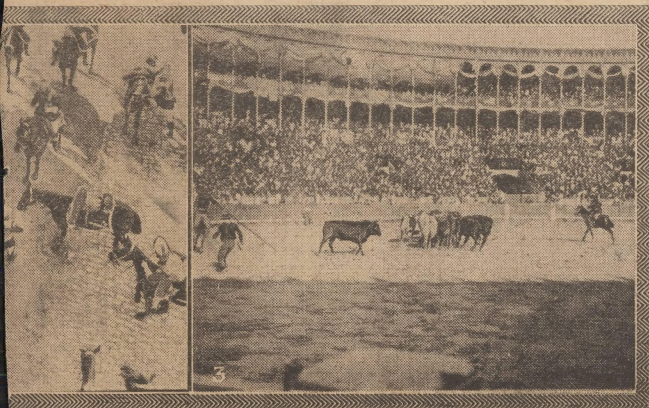
er's bombastic speech
statue of Von Moltke.

HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD, M.P.,



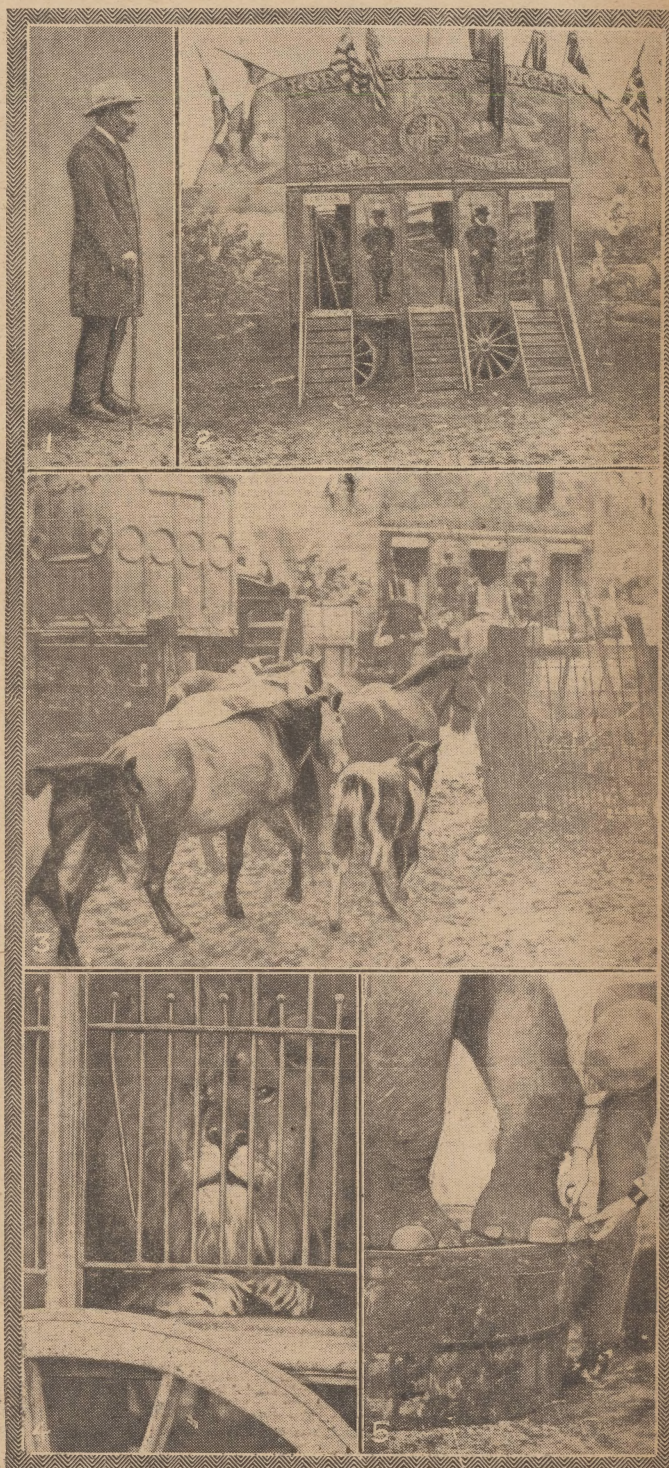
Who, in the absence of his father, Lord Rothschild, is hunting the famous Rothschild pack of staghounds. The Hon. Walter Rothschild is marked with an X.

OF PRESIDENT LOUBET TO THE KING OF SPAIN.



Photographs show—(1) the President going out for a drive in the King of Spain's motor-car, and King Alfonso arriving at the amphitheatre, where a bullfight was held in their honour. (2) the theatre—selecting a bull.

LORD GEORGE SANGER SELLS HIS CIRCUS



Yesterday was the first day of "Lord" George Sanger's sale, which is taking place at Park Farm, Finchley. He is selling all his animals and all his paraphernalia. (1) "Lord" George Sanger; (2) the entrance to the famous circus; (3) ponies entering the sale-yard for inspection; (4) the largest lion in the world, which will be sold to-day; (5) trimming the elephants' toenails previous to the sale.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

RICHARD BALSCHAW, supposed to be a wealthy traveller—in reality Ronald Carstairs, an ex-bank manager, newly released from prison, after serving four years for extensive fraud.

ROSE KING, a beautiful girl of poor birth, passionately in love with Carstairs.

CLARE MAINWARING, a charming young girl, whom Richard Balschaw loves. She became engaged to Ivor Armytage during Balschaw's supposed absence abroad.

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT VANCE, a clever and ambitious officer.

AN UNKNOWN LADY.

JOHN PYM, secretary to "Mr. Richard Balschaw," alias Roland Carstairs.

MRS. WILBRAHAM, a fascinating widow.

FOR NEW READERS.

A yellow fog was rolling over London distorting perspective and muffling sound. Reaching Pentonville Prison, weathered itself about frowning portal and barred window, and made shadowy phantoms of the few people clustered round the portals, waiting for the daily quota of discharged prisoners.

Detective-sergeant Vance stood in the group.

A young woman, with a beautiful face and a splendid figure, hovered restlessly in the shadows of the wall. At last the wicket opened and a batch of prisoners stepped out. But if then instantly riveted Vance's attention—Ronald Carstairs, ex-bank manager, who had completed his four years' penal servitude for embezzling £40,000.

The man walked away. Vance followed; so did the beautiful young woman. Suddenly she sprang towards the man. He started back.

"Rose King! Good God!" he cried.

"I am, Rose King, of Leicester," answered the woman.

"I had to come to meet you. I couldn't bear—"

"Rose, I hoped that you had forgotten me long ago."

"Forgotten you? You've been in my thoughts night and day."

The man called a hansom, and the woman and the beautiful young woman followed the cab on foot. The fog could only permit talking pace. King crossed the cab door up, and the man got out alone, and the hansom crawled away.

A woman's figure came towards him, and the two stood talking. Presently the woman left him.

The heat-train crept along the platform of Charing Cross Station.

The wealthy Mr. Richard Balschaw, traveller and hunter of big game, just returned from a long absence abroad, alighted.

Mr. John Pym, his private secretary, met him, and they entered a brougham.

"Everything in order?" asked Balschaw.

"I've done my best," answered Pym, nervously. "But do you know who I saw in London yesterday?"

"I know. She was waiting for me outside Pentonville this morning."

"What?"

But Balschaw made no reply. His eyes dilated suddenly as if readjusting their focus. With a start he dropped his cane quietly among the cushions. The strong face was grey beneath its bronze.

"John," he whispered, throatily, "there she is—the girl I loved, and that fellow with her shadowed me this evening after I came out!"

Richard Balschaw, alias Ronald Carstairs, goes to Leicester to visit Claire Mainwaring, a young girl whom he loves. She has become engaged to Ivor Armytage during Balschaw's supposed absence abroad.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

With a startled cry, Clare broke away from him, afraid of him, a little afraid of herself.

"You must not speak to me like this," she quivered out, a note of pain in her voice. "It's wrong, wicked of you. Do you wish to forfeit my friendship? It is unworthy of you. Do you forget—?"

"That you are engaged? No," he laughed fiercely. "And if I thought this man had won the girl that I seem to have lost, I would not dare to speak to you like this—I honour you too much. As it is, I want an answer to this question. Do you love this man—or are you being sold to him?"

The question was brutally direct. Clare swayed as from a blow. Her white lips moved, but without sound. Was it merely instinct that prompted the question, or did he know her secret?

She did not answer; but the man read the answer to his question on her white, proud face. She was being sold. Why and what the price, was a mystery to him. But she was being sold—of this he was sure. The huge lie that he was living was forgotten for the nonce, merged in his passions. The Queen in his wake was uppermost. The exquisite irony of the situation—his own iniquitous conduct—was lost upon him. He would move heaven and earth to snap this sordid bond, whatever its conditions. The chivalry as well as the fight in the man, who was one big, criminal lie, was roused.

He sprang to her side. His heart flooded fiercely against his ribs, in a wave of resistless emotion swept him. Clare shrank back, terrified by the man's intensity, yet not inspired with any feeling of repugnance. This was no revelation of that gross animalism that sends a shudder through the soul and body of a high-minded woman. The man was up in the heights.

Clare.

But a whisper of skirts and a soft, musical laugh of pleasure checked his utterance. He turned sharply.

Mrs. Wilbraham, his charming hostess, was gliding into the room. If she had observed Balschaw's close proximity to Claire Mainwaring, there was no betrayal of the fact on her fair, smiling features.

"My dear Clare," she cried, "you have anticipated me in welcoming Mr. Balschaw to Postern Abbey."

She renched out both hands to Balschaw.

"This is delightful! I had almost despaired of ever setting eyes on you again."

His right hand was in a sling. The fiction of the injured wrist and the sling was John Pym's idea—John Pym, who thought of everything; John Pym, M.A. Oxon., whom Balschaw had found barking out his life in a consumptive cough, living on morphine, tea, and cigarettes, and writing beautiful, but unsalable verse in a garret; John Pym, who was to-day the slave of the lamp; a man of warped ideas, and fine ecstatic thoughts, weak will, and dog-like devotion.

Till the rough prison trade-mark had worn off his hands, it was as well to avoid shaking hands as much as possible, though gnarled hands were not altogether inconsistent with the character of a man who was created with having roughed it all over the world.

But there was no denying Mrs. Wilbraham's outstretched, welcoming hands. Balschaw's hesitation was scarcely perceptible. He held out his left hand. His hostess took it quite affectionately between both her own.

Mrs. Wilbraham, famed as a charming woman and most tactful hostess, was still, at forty years of age, a singularly fascinating and elegant woman, blonde, tall, with a certain subtle languor of bearing, and possessing a figure envied by many much younger than herself. Being a widow, as well as inordinately wealthy, she was besieged by her admirers. The late Mr. Wilbraham, whose huge fortune was founded on a liver pill, had only been robbed of a baronetcy, fruit of his philanthropy and his wife's diplomacy, by death. The fight had been slow and painful at first, but Mrs. Wilbraham had ultimately won her prominent place in society by savoir-faire, personal charm, as well as by weight of money and certain methods characteristic of her enemies as unscrupulous. But to-day her position was assured. She had entertained royalty, and her various places were the meeting-grounds of Mayfair and all that was brilliant in Bohemia.

"This is really delightful, Mr. Balschaw," she said. "Even when I received your reply I looked on your coming as doubtful. I have been quite dreading a wire at the last moment to say you were joining the Emperor of Sahara, or off to the Himalayas, or something of that kind. Heaps of people are dying to meet you. I see you have found one old friend already."

She glanced at Clare, a soft laugh rippling again from her warm, red lips.

Balschaw was apparently listening, but he was only sub-consciously of his fascinating hostess. Since he had enjoyed her hospitality four years previously at Nice she had played but a small part in his thoughts, though at the time he had fully recognised her charm and fascination.

Now, as she still held his left hand warmly between her own, with a slight, subtle pressure that would not have been lost on him under ordinary circumstances, he was scarcely conscious of the fact. Clare still dominated him. She had not answered his question; but her silence was equivalent to confession. Her betrothal to Ivor Armytage was utterly repugnant to her. But for Mrs. Wilbraham's interruption Balschaw believed that he would have drawn this admission from her in words. He had forgotten the fact that he was one big criminal personified. The lover in him was paramount. For it was love—even if unscrupulous—passionate, tense, virile love, fanned into white-hot flame. He had parted from Clare when she was a girl, taking a memory with him. He had pictured her in his imagination changing from the spring of girlhood into the early summer of womanhood. And now on this night he had found her surpassing his imaginings, more beautiful, more womanly, more desirable than the picture limned in his prison-cell.

But Mrs. Wilbraham was still speaking, still holding his hand. Her manner was too charming to be offensively gushing, and she possessed the happy knack of conveying to the person to whom she might be talking the impression that nothing and no one else occupied her thoughts. Balschaw made an effort to concentrate on what she was saying.

"But you have changed, Mr. Balschaw—only please, don't retort by telling me that I look four years older. But you must forgive these personifications after losing sight of a friend for four years like this quite excusable."

"You are not the exception, Mrs. Wilbraham," he replied, with his deep, low-noted laugh. "Everybody tells me I've changed."

"I suppose it has all been so much joy and pleasure to you; but you look as if you had had a very rough time."

Again Balschaw laughed quietly; then looked rather curiously at his hostess.

Her expression was changing. It seemed to him that some question was taking shape in her eyes. The pressure of her warm hands was slowly relaxing as if she had suddenly become conscious of the rough, gnarled texture of his hand, and was inspired with a feeling of nervous repugnance or terror. The smile still played round her full lips; but it was becoming mechanical and losing its laughter.

Balschaw looked at her steadily. The question was still big in her eyes, and she seemed to be making some kind of mental comparison.

And then a question began to shape itself in the man's eyes, and a curious rigidity seem to bring out and fix the muscles round the strong mouth. He thrust his left hand behind his back; but the movement was a little awkward. It was

(Continued on page 11.)

400,000 PERSONS

will read this advertisement. Many of them will idly pass it by, while the thoughtful few will ponder awhile and wonder whether there is really anything in it.

"It seems almost impossible," some will say.
"It can't be done," will be the opinion of others.
"Fancy a suit made to measure for 21s.!" some will cry.
"Absurd!"

While a small section of readers will probably decide to investigate our offer and

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS

of our Clothing to Measure.

Thus the result of this advertisement will be that we shall add many customers to our already extensive clientele—men whose only lament will be that they had not dealt with us sooner.

We are sure of this point, because we have already received hundreds of letters to the same effect.

One day you also will be tempted to write to us. Why not make our acquaintance to-day?

Our wonderful patterns of Suits at 21s. and 27s. 6d. to measure can be had for the asking.

SEND US THAT POSTCARD.

Remember we Guarantee to supply you with as smart a Suit or Overcoat as you have ever worn for less money than you have ever paid.

If you cannot get into personal touch with us, we teach you how to measure yourself, and we take the risk. We guarantee either to please you or refund the full amount of your purchase.

Act to-day. Our free patterns are to be had for the asking.



World's Measure Tailors (Dept. 155),
60 & 62, City Road, Finsbury, LONDON, E.C.
Established 1890.

DERRY & TOMS.
SPECIAL OFFER.

2/- Hall-Marked Solid Silver, 6 for 10/6

Post Free.

HALL-MARKED CABINET FRAME
(as Sketch)
KENSINGTON: High St., London, W.

OLMA
A FINE OLD MALT GIN.

Olma contains no trace of acidity.

LAMBETH DISTILLERY, S.E.
S. & P. 519.

TRY A SAMPLE BOTTLE.
"THE MAIL."

THREE STAR SPECIAL SCOTCH WHISKY and SPECIAL IRISH WHISKY.
3s. per Bottle.
36s. per Dozen.
18s. per Gallon.

SOFT and MATURED, REFINED and ELEGANT.

Carriage paid direct from the Bishopsgate Distillery and Wine Co.

DIRTY DICK'S
(Established 1748)
48 and 49, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, London, E.C.
Write for Illustrated History of House and full price list, post free.

GREENHOUSES.

One 4, substantially constructed in Sections, simply screw together, well-seasoned timber, complete with Ventilators, door, necessary Trelliswork, Glass and Painted.

12 ft. by 6 ft., £21 15s. 6d.
6 ft. by 6 ft., £22 10s.
12 ft. by 7 ft., £23 10s.
12 ft. by 8 ft., £25 10s.
12 ft. by 9 ft., £27 10s.
12 ft. by 10 ft., £29 10s.
22 ft. by 10 ft., £31 10s.

MELON & CUCUMBER FRAMES.

For storage of plants in winter. Made of thoroughly well-seasoned red deal boards, light 2 1/2 inch, glazed 2 1/2 oz. glass. Painted two coats. Post free.

1-Light Frames: £ s. d.
22 ft. 6 ft. by 5 ft. .. 0 15 0
6 ft. by 5 ft. .. 0 10 0
6 ft. by 4 ft. .. 0 8 0
2-Light Frames:
6 ft. by 4 ft. .. 1 10 0
6 ft. by 4 ft. .. 1 10 0
6 ft. by 6 ft. .. 2 10 0

Send for catalogue, 418 pages. Fully illustrated. Post free.

W. COOPER,
751, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.
Complete HOT WATER APPARATUS From 50s.

CADBURY'S COCOA
ABSOLUTELY PURE

YESTERDAY'S PRETTY WEDDING AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.



The scene in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday afternoon, when Mr. John Jervis Pawson, of the 12th Lancers, was married to Miss Dulcie Milvain. A feature of the wedding was the introduction of the American custom of matrons of honour, all sisters-in-law of the bride. The insert is the bride leaving the church.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

(Continued from page 10.)

like that of an amateur actor who suddenly becomes painfully conscious of his hands and scarcely knows what to do with them.

Suddenly, some reflex action of the man's brain conjured up a London fog, King's Cross Underground Station, and a veiled woman. Yet it seemed too utterly impossible, too impossible! For a moment he seemed to measure the woman with his eyes; then they sought her hands, glittering with precious stones.

"You—you have hurt your arm?" Mrs. Wilbraham was speaking again. The silence of seconds had seemed an eternity. There was a little stammer in her voice.

"I—er—slipped upon board ship," he answered, rather tunelessly, the rigid muscles round his mouth seeming more prominent. "I am afraid it will be some time before I shall know the joy of pulling a trigger again."

Again his eyes sought the woman's jewelled hands, and seemed fascinated by one particular ring.

"Let me see. 'When did you reach England?'" she asked inconsequently.

"Only last night."

His voice still sounded tuneless. Mrs. Wilbraham turned from him quite abruptly, the stereotyped smile painfully unreal now, and her eyes hard with a frightened light. Guests were pouring into the room. A moment later she was circled by men and women, and talk filled the air.

For a moment Balshaw stood alone, the most distingue, striking figure in the room. His face was set, his eyes riveted on his hostess; then, suddenly becoming conscious that Clare was gazing at him curiously, he passed to one of the oriel windows and took shelter in the shadowed embrasure. He drew a hand across his forehead; it came away damp with sweat. But that it was real, it was like a nightmare.

The trick of the voice, the woman's figure, the very grip of her hands—these might have been coincidences, similarities; but there was no getting away from the evidence of a ring on her right hand.

Balshaw's mouth went brutally hard.

The evidence of the ring refused to be denied. Yonder elegant woman, the centre of an admiring group, a fixed smile on her lips and an unreal laugh in her voice, was Z, the veiled woman whom he met after his discharge from Pentonville, to whom, in the thick of a London fog, he delivered a message from a fellow-convict he nursed when hospital orderly in the infirmary at Pentonville.

No woman had been farther from his thoughts than Mrs. Wilbraham, of Park-lane, Postern Abbey, and the White Villa, Nice, when, on the previous morning, he met Z of the "Morning Post."

advertisement outside King's Cross Station. The episode had been mysterious, and the veiled woman had been as anxious as himself to conceal her identity. As a matter of fact, but for a certain tenderness of heart and pity for a poor devil who would probably breathe his last in prison, he would never have undertaken the delivery of a message that entailed a certain amount of danger to himself; and the incident itself, though mysterious, would have been altogether dismissed from his mind but for the fact that it was associated with the detective whom he had run into in the fog and had seen subsequently outside Charing Cross Station. Rose King and the stolid-faced man, smoking a cutty-pipe, had given him much more food for reflection than the veiled woman, Z, of the advertisement, till now. And even now, but for the evidence of a ring, the one ring on the veiled woman's hand, and the most insignificant of the many rings on Mrs. Wilbraham's jewelled fingers, he would have doubted his sense. But that one quaint, old-fashioned little ring, nestling almost shamefacedly amongst a profusion of precious stones, was evidence beyond doubt. Mrs. Wilbraham was Z!

The lights were dancing before his eyes. He believed that she had recognised him, despite all the precautions taken at the time to disguise his real identity. His accursed left hand, rough as a nutmeg-grater, had betrayed him in the first instance.

What would she do? Dare she betray him? His eyes went fierce as they sought out Clare Mainwaring.

Exposure meant something more than death to the daring scheme for which he had sacrificed four years of his life. It meant being stripped and shown up in his real colours before the woman for whose good opinion and esteem, paradox that he was, he craved.

"Women, women, women! Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat!"

The confused murmur of voices, filling the great room, seemed to be shaping John Pym's words.

Balshaw dashed his hand across his eyes. Mrs. Wilbraham, a fixed, unreal smile on her red lips, was gliding towards the embrasure in which he had taken refuge. What was she going to do? Dare she betray him? Was it war, armed neutrality, or peace?

But the strong man was master of himself again; all the fight in his nature roused. If the worst came to the worst, he had a Roland of sorts for this woman's Oliver, though he realised the weakness of his position. He was in ignorance of the relations between the convict whom he had nursed in the prison infirmary and the fair woman sweeping towards him now, an unreal smile stereotyped on her lips. The message delivered in the fog, when she was Z and he Messenger from Mars, was mysterious and pathetic, but afforded no clue to

(Continued on page 13.)

DOES LUCK COUNT?

The Real Reason Why Some Men Receive Promotion and Others Do Not.

It is astonishing how persistently one hears it declared that luck is, after all, the chief factor in success. In every large business house the remark is often heard that So-and-So is a lucky fellow to be manager of a department with £2000 a year before he is thirty years of age.

As a matter of fact, if trouble were taken to analyse the reasons of So-and-So's success, it would be found that he has been promoted because he has shown his employer methods of making or saving money. Ideas that make money, do not, of course, spring from nothing. They come only to the man who has realised that business is applied knowledge, and is able to apply his knowledge to his own particular work.

The "Harnsworth Self-Educator" is the only book in the world that teaches in a form at once simple, authoritative, and up-to-date the knowledge that can be successfully applied to every form of industry. Those who take advantage of the opportunity which the "Self-Educator" now offers them are equipping themselves with the means of rising above their fellows: those who neglect the opportunity are handicapping themselves in the race of life.

The price works out at but a halfpenny a day, and as the buyer gets each 7d. part as it appears every fortnight, not a farthing of debt is incurred. Part 2, is to be issued next Tuesday, and those who desire to get their copies without any delay are advised to give the order to their newsgents now.

"The Woman Behind the War Office."

Outspoken Article by
EDGAR
WALLACE,
In the NOVEMBER

'World & His Wife.'

OUT TO-DAY. Price 6d.



"ONE OF THE FINEST CHILDREN EVER SEEN"

The words quoted above are an extract from a letter received by Messrs. Savory and Moore, Ltd., which letter is typical of thousands of others. The writer says: "I wish to tell you that I have entirely brought up my baby, who is seventeen months old, on 'Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids.' He is pronounced one of the finest children ever seen." Obviously, every mother would like to be able to write in a similar way, and it is therefore worth while to consider for a moment why such satisfactory results follow the use of "Savory and Moore's Best Food."

THE REASON WHY.

There is one reason, and one reason only, why children brought up on "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" make such splendid and marked progress. "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is the result of thought, investigation, long experiment, and applied scientific knowledge. Every element needed for the building of a sturdy frame, vigorous brain, strong nerves, and efficient muscles, is combined in precisely the correct proportion in "Savory and Moore's Best Food," which satisfies every requirement of a perfect food, not only for infants, but also for invalids, the aged, and those whose digestion is weak.

DELICATE BABIES.

In cases in which baby's ill-health is due to improper feeding, nothing will so quickly benefit the child as "Savory and Moore's Best Food." Over and over again have mothers written quite voluntarily saying that as soon as they commenced using "Savory and Moore's Best Food" evidences of improvement quickly became apparent, and that these continued until the child was once again the picture of health. That where there had been vomiting and diarrhoea these unpleasant troubles stopped at once, and that the very first meal with "Savory and Moore's Best Food" was digested.

INVALIDS STRENGTHENED, AGED NOURISHED.

"Savory and Moore's Best Food" is an ideal article of diet for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, delicate people, growing children, the aged, and those whose digestion is in any way weakened, and who consequently find a difficulty in retaining and assimilating ordinary food. One striking advantage of "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is that it may be prepared in many different and appetising ways.

YOU ARE INVITED TO SEND.

Messrs. Savory and Moore are very anxious that parents, nurses, and others should convince themselves of the value of their "Best Food for Infants and Invalids," and they therefore offer to send a large trial tin in return for a sixpenny postal order. With the trial tin instructions will also be sent showing how to prepare "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids," not only for the young, but also for the convalescent and the aged.

"SAVORY AND MOORE'S BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS"

is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., or a Large Trial Tin will be sent post free for a sixpenny postal order by Messrs. Savory and Moore, Limited, Chemists to His Majesty The King, 143, New Bond-street, London, W., to all who mention the *Daily Mirror*. A postcard will bring the booklet referred to.

Pyn-Ka

Plate Powder

produces an instant dazzling polish on all fine Electro-Vac and Silver Plate. Unless you have tried this Most Refined of Plate Polishes,

you don't know to what a high state of lustre they can be brought.

Sample Box for 6d. in Stamps.

"Pyn-Ka" also in Tablets & Liquid.

HING, BONE & Co., Ltd.,

40, Wilson St., Finsbury, E.C.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Current Accounts, 2 p.c. Interest allowed on minimum monthly balance. Deposits when not drawn below £100. Deposits, 2 1/2 p.c. Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts. Advances made. Stocks and Shares bought and sold. Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary, Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

Dust Trials Spyker Cars Win.

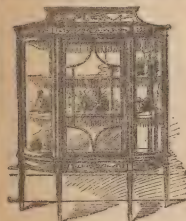
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Bailey, Sloper & Co.

ESTAB. 1825.

AT WHOLESALE NET CASH PRICES.

OVER 100
DRAWING-ROOM
CABINETS ON SALE.

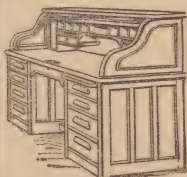


Lot 811.—Inlaid "Sheraton" China Cabinet, 4 ft. £8 8 0

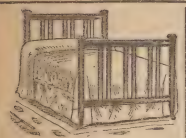
OF VITAL
INTEREST.

No doubt you are aware that the profits of the furnishing trade have been simply enormous. On the hire system they have been, and are now, simply ruinous, even up to 100 and 150 per cent. BAILEY, SLOPER and CO., of 102, Curtain-road, now step in, and by publicly advertising their specialities have done a public good in bringing down prices. The secret is very simple, cash and nothing but cash, value and nothing but value, and that of the very best. You are not asked to believe this without proof. Send for their Catalogue D.M., and compare their prices with ordinary shop prices. Goods sent on approval any distance.

OFFICE AND
LIBRARY DESKS
IN GREAT VARIETY.



Lot 1233.—Solid Fumed Oak Roll-top Desk, automatic locking, superb quality. £4 10 0
OFFICES completely furnished. Estimates and specifications free.



Lot 1272.—Solid Walnut Bedstead and Spring Mattress, 45/6



Lot 1732.—Inlaid Mahogany Bureau with interior fittings. 45/6



Lot 1701.—Carved Oak Hall Bench, with lift-up seat and rug chest, 45/6

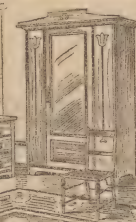


Lot 1922.—Solid Fumed Oak Bedstead, with woven Spring Mattress. 26 6

Over 500
Bedroom
Suites.

BAILEY, SLOPER are instructed to sell the entire stock of one of the largest manufacturers in the trade. Send for Catalogue D.M. post free. £4 4 0

THE CARLTON
BEDROOM
SUITE.



Lot 1301.—Solid fumed Oak Bedstead, 19/6. Solid fumed Oak Bedroom Suite, the cheapest in London; fully enclosed Dressing-Table and Washstand, two Chairs, and Towel Rail. £5 15 0



Lot 1317.—The best and cheapest Suite in London, comprising 6 ft. Wardrobe, 3 ft. 6 in. enclosed Dressing-Table, 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand, two Chairs and Towel Rails, Bevelled Plate Mirrors, Oxidised Copper Mounts. The lot £15 15 0



Lot 2305.—Solid Fumed Oak Bookcase. £4 17 6



Lot 1449.—Magnificent Solid Carved English Oak Hallstand, with mirror and oxidised hangings. 59/6



Lot 1605.—Solid Oak Writing Bureau 10/6



Lot 1610.—Carved Oak Bookcase, 3 ft. 6 in. 19/6



Lot 1601.—Massive Oak Gate-leg Table, 3 ft. 6 in., 19/6

MAY WE SEND YOU
A CATALOGUE?

Take a Postcard, fill in your Name and Address, ask for Catalogue D.M., and post it to us. By return you will receive the smartest of smart Booklets, with 400 illustrations. You will find it very interesting.



Lot 1892.—The "Ritz" Easy Chair, in Tapestry, 9/6

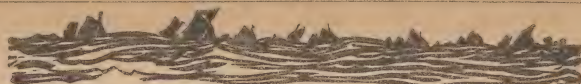
BAILEY, SLOPER, & CO.,

Wholesale Cabinet Manufacturers (Estab. 1825).

102, CURTAIN ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Telegram: "Jardine, London."

Telephone: 715 London Wall.



GET your chest strong and the troubles which are the result of chest weakness will trouble you no more. Bronchitis, asthma, coughs, colds, pneumonia, whooping cough, croup and kindred chest, lung and throat troubles yield quickly and surely to SCOTT'S EMULSION of cod liver oil and the hypophosphites of lime and soda. The first result is a delicious sense of relief, then comes strength. Scott's builds up an abundance of healthy, resistant flesh and the weak spots are permanently strengthened. The reason is that the original, unique SCOTT process of preparing the oil makes it thoroughly digestible by the most delicate system and in consequence supremely nourishing.

"After taking a course of Scott's Emulsion my chest is better, my cough has left me, I have gained strength and flesh. Scott's is nourishing and digestible." Nurse E. Everett, 22 Barrington Road, Colchester. 8th May, 1905. Send for a free sample bottle and "The Good-Time Garden" (enclosing 4d. for postage and mentioning this paper). SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stone-cutter Street, —London, E.C.—

HOME JAY'S COMFORTS

Nothing too small.

1/- WEEKLY

Everything for the Home.

6 Branches 6 NO DELAY. PLAIN VANS.

YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE of 6 Branches. If you can't call on will send you post free our beautifully illustrated Catalogue.

WORTH Monthly Worth Monthly
7s (24 Payments) 2- 22s (24 Payments) 12-
8s 8s 24s 24s
9s 9s 26s 26s
10s 10s 28s 28s

34, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.
22, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.
HALLSLEY, 106, GRAYSON PARK ROAD, N.W.
ORICK LEWIS, 1, OULAND TERRACE, N.W.
ADDINGTON, 285, SHILTON ROAD, W.
WATFORD, 12, 13, HIGH STREET.

CREDIT AT CASH PRICES.

A sunshine of pleasure is reflected in

Mackintosh's TOFFEE

VARICOCELE AND RUPTURE

Treated by Appareil Magnétique, which is sure and safe in its action. If you suffer from weakness of a vital nature, do not fail to call or write for full particulars. Testimonials from all over the world. Advice given free. This is your opportunity, seize your cure in confidence. The Manager, The Appareil Magnétique Co. (Depot: D.M.), 9, Walbrook, London, E.C.

JAMES ELMY & CO.

103, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

FOR BEST AND CHEAPEST SELECTION OF

CHINA, GLASS, & EARTHENWARE

SPECIALITY: ENGLISH LEADLESS GLAZED FIREPROOF WARE, in Dark Green Colouring. Invaluable from a health point of view.

Set of dinner prices.

9 1/2 9 1/2

Price List on Application.

PACKAGES FREE. HOME AND EXPORT

"DAILY MAIL."

WINTER CLOTHING FOR JUVENILES—CUT PAPER-PATTERNS TO BE OBTAINED.

RAIMENT IN THE NURSERY.

NEW IDEAS AND PATTERNS FOR JUVENILE TOILETTES.

The pictures shown on this page to-day are devoted to the requirements of little girls whose ages range from six to fourteen, and for the three delightful costumes designed on their behalf patterns can be obtained.

To begin with the paletôt shown on the left side of the sketch, we have here a coat as comfortable as it is becoming. Two and three-quarter yards of double-width material will fashion the

fourteen years of age, and will require three and three-quarter yards of double-width material. I should recommend for its materialisation a cheviot of a green, tan, and red mixture, with a collar and cuffs of tan cloth edged with green braid. The pattern of the coat is cut as a bodice and long basque joined at the waist by means of a band, as those who examine it will speedily perceive.

Let us now turn our attention to the dress depicted in the centre of the sketch, a very pretty model arranged for girls from ten to fourteen years of age. The pattern comprises a two-piece skirt and a bodice on a fitted lining, the latter included in the pattern. Supposing it were carried out in fine marine blue serge, this little dress would look charming trimmed with blue taffetas spotted with

AUTUMN LUNCHEONS.

MENU AND PLACE CARDS OF NEWEST TYPES.

Handsome menu and place cards for women's luncheon parties have Court beauties in powdered hair and patches for subjects, showing generally the head only, but sometimes the full figure in a quaint costume. These are painted in water colours. A very decorative but simple menu card suitable for this season of the year consists of a square of pasteboard, either white or some artistic shade of brown or grey, with two or three natural autumn leaves fastened to it by means of satin

Miss Rennicks' Message

Young Irish Girl cured of Headaches and Pain in the side. Recovery due to Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets.

From the green fields of Meath there comes a word of hope and comfort for the women whose days are darkened by incessant headache. Miss Florrie Rennicks, of Kilmor House, Hill-of-Down, Co. Meath, Ireland, speaks to her sister-women. In her own simple language she tells how Iron-Ox Tablets drove away the pain that oppressed her, and brought her back to perfect health. For a long time Miss Rennicks was a victim to almost unbearable headaches. At times she was attacked by severe pains in her side. She did not realise it, but they were simply indications that her digestive organs were not performing their functions properly. The chance remark of a friend induced her to try Iron-Ox Tablets. After a short treatment with this great remedy she has written us the following letter:—

Kilmor House, Hill-of-Down,
Co. Meath, Ireland.

I am only too pleased to tell you that your Iron-Ox Tablets have done me a great deal of good. I have completely got rid of the dreadful headaches from which I suffered so much. The terrible pain in my side which caused me so much suffering and annoyance has quite disappeared. I owe my recovery to your Iron-Ox Tablets. They are all that you claim for them, and I shall recommend them to all my friends.

(Signed) FLORRIE RENNICKS.

Iron-Ox Tablets cured Miss Rennicks simply because they struck at the root of the trouble. By strengthening her digestive organs and enabling her to properly assimilate her food, they removed the cause of the headaches and the pains in her side.



Miss Florrie Rennicks.

Often times people attempt to cure headaches by treating the symptoms. Often times they take sedatives for their nerves. They do not realise that treating the symptoms will never remove the cause. If you suffer from headaches, from biliousness, from that indescribable feeling of weariness, from nervousness, from depression, and low spirits—do not trifle with these mere symptoms. Strengthen your digestive organs, cleanse and purify your blood by taking Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets, and then the weariness, the nervousness, the drowsiness will disappear, because their cause has been removed. Your appetite will come back, and you will sleep soundly, because you are assimilating your food properly; because nerves and brain and body are being nourished. Do not trifle any longer with mere outward indications—begin to take Iron-Ox Tablets to-day, and cure your ailments at their source.

A Dainty Aluminium Pocket Packet of 50 Tonic Tablets for 1s. If your Chemist has not got them they will be sent post free for 1s. by the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Ltd., 20, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

SHADOW Patterns Post Free.
A NEW DAMASK
MATERIAL FOR CURTAINS.
16 Shades, 50 in. wide, 2 1/2 yds. per panel.
STORY & CO., Kensington High St., London, W.

HINDE'S
Circumstances alter cases.
Hinde's Wavers alter fashions.
real hair savers **WAVERS**



No. 232. A useful and becoming paletot for a little girl.

No. 233. Useful serge dress, trimmed with spotted taffetas.

No. 234. A coat carried out in cheviot, made in two pieces, connected at the waist by means of a band.

baby ribbon. Berries used in the same way are effective, particularly those of the mountain ash, which make so striking a colour scheme for table decorations.

shoulders hunched exaggeratedly, had delivered her a message hot from prison in the gloom of a London fog, and then, forgetting himself, had raised his hat with the easy grace of a gentleman—and betrayed the fact that he was not the commonplace fool-bird that he appeared.

Now as she studied the quiet, purposeful face, she was doubting the first impression of her senses. Had her overwrought imagination galloped away with her? Her brain was a veritable turmoil. Suspense was torturing his unbearably. The fierce instinct of self-preservation was as strong in the woman as in the man. She must find out one more! Was he the messenger from Parkhurst? Had he recognised her?

The babel of voices filling the great reception-room suddenly ceased. One of those pauses that unaccountably fall on the most loquacious of gatherings, had occurred. But it was brief.

Mrs. Wilbraham's voice, faintly rippled with laughter, rang out clearly from the oriel window where she had joined the distinguished traveller. "Really, Mr. Balshaw," she cried, in light, bantering tones. "It is too provoking of you. Just when everybody is dying to be introduced, you hide yourself away like, like—what shall I say?—like an escaped convict!"

(To be continued.)

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

(Continued from page 11.)

her secret; and the contents of the note, smuggled out of prison and delivered to her, were unknown to him.

But the strong man had his nerves under control now.

As Mrs. Wilbraham neared the oriel window, her daring, low-cut gown designed to display the sinuous, rather voluptuous, lines of her wonderful figure, her fair hair and white, firm throat gleam with precious stones, Balshaw rose from his seat, imperturbable, loose-limbed, distinguished. He was on his mettle. His cool eyes merely expressed polite, admiring deference, silent tribute to one who was both his hostess and a most fascinating woman.

It was most admirable acting. It was art that concealed art.

There are numberless imitations, but only one "Secotine." It will mend articles of wood, china, and even iron. 6d. per tube.—Write for details of the Sticking Compound to McCaw, Stevenson, and Orr (Ltd.), Belfast.—[Adv.]

white, or with scarlet silk covered with a birdseye spot of black. It would make a capital dress for school or Sunday wear, according to the materials chosen.

All three patterns cost 6d. each, or, tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3d. When applying for one or all of them, mention should be made of the numbers that will be seen underneath each picture. Apply to the Manager, "Daily Mirror," Carmelite Paper Pattern Department, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

His reposeful nonchalance, his utter lack of anything approaching self-consciousness or effort, seemed to have a disconcerting effect on the woman whose stereotyped smile masked a soul stretched on the rack of suspense.

She looked at the calm, strong face, almost stared, as if bewildering doubt had suddenly possessed her mind. Her eyes, blending the blue of turquoise matrix and the iridescent fires of the opal, seemed to ask a question, and he denied its answer.

A few moments before, despite the monstrous improbability of it all, her senses, spurred by the feel of the man's rough, guarded hand, had received an impression so staggering that she had all but swooned.

It had flashed upon her that this Richard Balshaw, whom she had met for the first time five years ago, who had been her guest in the past, and for whose return from abroad she had longed with a longing that even amazed herself, was a huge, almost inconceivable lie, a far bigger lie than herself.

It had flashed upon her when she grasped his hand between her own, looked into his face, noted the poise of the head, and the loose, free freedom of the shoulders, that this was the same man, who, scrubby bearded, with upturned collar, and

CAMBRIDGESHIRE FIELD.

Everything to-morrow will be eclipsed by the Cambridgehire, which has during the last two or three days provided many surprises, the latest of which is the scratching of The Page, who many thought might be made an eleventh-hour favourite, as was the case in the Cesarewitch. To-morrow's great race originally secured nineteen entries, twenty-nine of which paid the minor forfeit; but, since then, many high-class horses have

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

NEWMARKET.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

PERSINUS. GREY FRIARS.

NEWMARKET RACING RETURNS.

others. "Sportumau" Price: 100 to 8 agst Part Malt.
Won by half a length; a neck between second and third.

NEWMARKET PROGRAMME.

1.0.—APPRENTICES' PLATE of 105 sovs. R.M. (one mile)

	yrs	at	lb		yrs	at	lb
Vincula	4	7	12	aCaptain Pott	3	6	3
aPlover Solier	4	7	5	aSir Evelyn	3	6	3
Golden Saint	4	7	7	aPoco of Epsom	3	6	0
aMarzo	4	6	10	aVardon	3	6	0
aWater Chute	6	6	10	aKafir Chief	3	6	0
aNoyad	4	6	10	aFerment	3	6	0

NEWMARKET PROGRAMME.

1.30.—MAIDEN (at entry) TWO-YEAR-OLD RACE of 200		Course (six furlongs).	
sors. Broby Stakes		sors. Broby Stakes	
st 1b		st 1b	
aAl Ro	9 7	aScylla	8 1
aGus Gales	9 7	aSorent	8 1
aBuckminster	9 0	aMona Cro	8 1
aBeppo	9 0	George IV.	8 1
aEpoch	9 0	Dante	8 1
aCabal	9 0	aDante	8 1
aColum	9 0	Helmsbrush	8 1
aDiamond Crescent	8 11	aBalsamina	8 1
aSakarrah f	8 11	aMistle Ray	8 1

all Chemists and Stores at 1/1¹/₂d.
Insist on having "Condy's."

'VARSITY TROUBLES.

Cooper, forgetting for once that "acrobatics" are not necessarily football, played better than I have ever before seen him. As for Anderson, the Irish international of three seasons ago, he is a great, strong, individual player, full of resource and ideas, and reminds one of some of the stalwarts of the great days of the three three-quarters.

Great Full-Backs.

Lindsay was being twitted about his negligence in tackling, and he crushed his heckler with this observation: "Well, you see, we three-quarters never troubled about tackling in my great days, for we knew that Tristram liked us to leave him just a something of the game."¹

New Zealand Medicine

Oxford's Rugby "A" team beat Marlborough College at Marlborough yesterday by 34 points to none.

In an Army Cup-tie at Dover yesterday the Royal Ar-

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

6	to 1	agst Velocity (taken).
13	— 2	— Glenamoy (taken). *
9	— 1	— Andover (taken).
10	— 1	— Donnetta (taken).
100	— 6	— Nivannah (taken).
100	— 6	— Thunderbolt (taken).
25	— 1	— Bibiani (taken).

COURSE BETTING AT NEWMARKET.

100	to 15	agst Velocity (taken).
100	— 15	— Glenamoy (taken).
9	— 1	— Donnetta (taken).
9	— 1	— Andover (taken).

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

Cambridgeshire Stakes.—M. Ephrussi's horses at 12.3 p.m. and Raven's Ash at 1.53 p.m. Monday, and The Page and War Wolf at 9 a.m. yesterday.

Ditch Mile Handicap, Newmarket.—Ob. Dewhurst Plate, Newmarket.—Cream Tart.

All engagements this year.—Cherry Ripe.

NEW ZEALANDERS IN TOWN

First Match of a Series in the London

and 'Varsities' Area.

"Richmond Athletic Ground at 3.15" is the appointment for the New Zealanders, this afternoon. Surrey have got together a very good side, but they will have to improve substantially on their display of a fortnight ago.

D. G. Schulze (London Scottish); C. H. Grenfell

(United Services), J. E. Raphael (Old Merchant Taylors), J. G. Birkett (Harlequins), and W. C. Wilson (Richmond); S. P. Start (United Services) and V. F. Gibbs

(United Services); J. F. Shaw (United Services), A. L. Picton (United Services), J. G. Bussell (London), G. Fraser (Richmond), S. N. Crowther (Lennox), J. Ross (London Scottish), C. Bourne (Old Merchant Taylors).

Referee: Mr. W. Williams (Rugby Union Committee).
The London and South-Western Railway have arranged

to run special trains from Waterloo, calling at Clapham Junction and Putney, between 1.0 and 2.15 p.m. as required. The gates will be opened at one o'clock.

To-day v. Surrey, at Richmond.
Saturday v. Blackheath, at Blackheath.

Nov. 7 v. Oxford, at Oxford.
Nov. 9 v. Cambridge, at Cambridge.
Nov. 11 v. Richmond, at Richmond.

Mr. J. H. Cozens, general manager and secretary of the Crystal Palace, wishes to contradict the persistent rumour which seems to have been circulated judging

rumour which seems to have been circulated, judging from a large number of letters received, that there are no more seats for sale for the England and New Zealand match on December 2.

There has certainly been a great demand for seats, but to suggest that the unrivalled accommodation of the final-tie ground, where the match will be played, is exaggerated is entirely wrong. There is still a good number

of five-shilling stand seats and half-a-crown ring seats for sale.

OTHER MATCHES.

Oxford: Oxford University v. Brentford.
Cambridge: Cambridge University v. Old Westminsters.
Swindon: Swindon v. Crystal Palace.

Winchmore Hill: St. Bart's Hospital v. Casuals.
 Portsmouth: Portsmouth v. Southampton.

HOW TO CURE A SORE THROAT

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THE VIOLIN is a Stradivarius model, excellent in design and finish, with finger board, pegs, and tail pieces in solid ebony. It is supplied in 3 sizes: full, three-quarter, and half.

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DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

A.A. Suits, 24s.; Overcoats, 30s.; 4s. monthly.—William 21, Old-st. E.C.

A—Free dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated lists; send stamp.—British Linen Co., Oxford-st. London.

A Bargain—Elegant Fur: long black caracul Duchesse. Stole, fashionable broad shoulders; beautifully rich curly; handsome Muff matching; perfectly new; accept 12s. 6d.; approval.—Amy, Pools, 30, Fleet-st. E.C.

A Room to let—Fashionable Suits and Overcoats, 10s. monthly.—Smith and Adams, 26, Ludgate-st. E.C.

A Fashionable Suit or Overcoat to measure on improved system; 10s. monthly; fit guaranteed.—Adams, 140 Strand, opposite New Gallery.

BARGAIN: 10s. 6d.; 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 2 petticoats, 3 nightdresses, 10/- 6d.—Eve, 89, Union-st. London.

BEAUTIFUL Baby Long Gowns: sets of 50 articles, 21s.; a bargain of loveliness; approval.—Mrs. May, 15, The Chase, Nottingham.

BOOTS on Credit—Ladies' Gs., Gent's 10s. 6d.; Overcoats, 21s.; good Business Suits, 27s. 6d.; Tailor-made Suits, 35s.; Jackets, Mantles, Waterproofs and Drapery delivered on small deposit; patterns and American self-measurement forms post free; perfect fit guaranteed; easiest terms and quickest delivery.—Write Dept. No. 225, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st. Islington, London, N.

COSY Baby's Bedstead: silk trimmings, 2s. 6d.; send size; money returned if desired.—Mrs. Knight, 43, Union-st. Clapham, London.

FURS—Elegant new Alexandra Dugan 6ft. Necklet, and handsome Muff real Russian sable hair, 10s. 6d.; approval.—Eve, 14, Tooting Bec-st. S.W.

FURS—Lady offers magnificent new Alexandra Dugan Necklet and Muff; beautiful real Russian sable hair; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval.—Maud, 63, Stockwell-st. S.W.

FURS—Long Russian sable hair Stole and Muff to match; only 10s. 6d.; approval.—Nina, 17, Balham-hill, Surrey.

GENT'S Undershirts: best Welsh flannel; splendid value; post free 2s. 3d.—Gifford, King-gardens, Plymouth.

LACE Bundles, assorted, from 1s. 10d.—Myatt, 12, Lords-lambers, Upper Parliament-st. Nottingham.

LADIES' "Gowning" tailor-made Costumes to measure from 6s. 6d.—Stuart from Shoreditch, 20, Albany-st. Regent's-pk. London 15 minutes from Regent-st.

LADIES, only 2s. 6d. need be sent with your order for Costumes from 21s.; Jackets, General Drapery, Boots, Waterproofs etc.; perfect fit guaranteed; balance 1s. weekly; easiest terms and quickest delivery; patterns and self-measurement chart post free; free—Write Dept. 235, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st. Islington, London, N.

LEGIONS—Smart military officer's appearance; just passed out of service for other patterns; very strong, laced sides.—Will send a pair, post free, for 18 stamps, from H. J. Gasson, Government Contractor, Rye.

LOVELY Underclothing; 3 garments; run-swinging night-dress, petticoats, etc., 10s. 6d.; also choice set 4 garments for 7s. 9d.; approval.—Mrs. May, The Chase, Nottingham.

ONE Shilling Weekly—Clothing to measure below shopkeepers' prices; Overcoats from 21s.; pool linen from 27s. 6d.; ladies' Jackets, Boots, Mantles, and tailor-made Costumes from 35s.; Waterproofs from 17s. 6d.; delivered on small deposit; perfect fit guaranteed; best terms and new American self-measurement forms post free; easiest terms and quickest delivery.—Write Dept. 70, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st. Islington, London, N.

REALSKIN Jacket for 25 15s.—Lady leaving for Colonies must sell elegant new fashionable accordeon-shaped skin jacket; approval.—Chapman, 29, Holland-st. S.W.

SERVICEABLE Serviettes.—Real Irish linen, dinner size, 5s. 6d. dozen. Snowy damask tablecloths 65in. 2s. 11d. Cream breakfast cloth 2s. 11d. Traycloths 2s. 11d. Samples free. Send postcard.—Hutton's, 81, Larne, Ireland.

STYLISH Skirts and Costumes; lovely catalogue free.—Baker, Royle, and Co., Manufacturers (Dept. 30M), Walsley.

TROUSSEAU (not required)—Nightdresses, Chemises, etc., 25s.; weekly payments; 21s. 21s., Queens-Queens.

WONDERFUL Values.—48in. Vienna Costume Cloth, 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. yard; 1s. 3d. yard; all colours; patterns free; grand presents to all customers.—Manchester Warehouse Co., York-st. London.

2s. 6d. per Pair—Gentle Police and Army Trainers; grand for work or evening; carriage 6d.—V. Harrow and Co., 51b, Bruce Castle, Tottenham.

2s. 6d. deposit secures smart Overcoat or Suit from 50s.; best End cutters; latest designs.—T. Russell and Co., 127 Fenchurch-st. and 58, Chancery (corner Bow-lane). All transactions confidential.

6d. down will secure you fashionable Overcoat or Suit to measure.—Scott and Co., Smart Style Cret Tailors 64, Cheap-side and 266, Edgware-st.

Articles for Disposal.

A—Art Cane Baby's Mail Cart; goniole shape; very handsome design; sweet latest designs—T. Russell and Co., 24s. 6d. carriage paid; 3 positions; quite new; approval before payment; photo.—Foster, 60 Brookside, Stoke Newington.

A—Art Cane Baby's Mailcart.—Lady will sacrifice high-class carriage; elegant design; silver-plated fittings; 3 positions; quite new; accept 35s.; carriage paid; approval before payment; photo.—Rev. 68 Well-st. Oxford-st. London, W.

A—Bargain—Shedfield Table Cutlery service 12 table, 12 dessert knives, per carvers, and silver, Crayford, four balanced handles, unsold; 10s. 6d.; approval.—"Matrix" Pools, E.C.

A—Faint dark oak Billiard Table to be sold cheap; excellent condition.—Apply 34, St. George's-pk. Pinfield, S.W.

ALL Marriages made a Success on easy terms by the use of our lucky 24ct. gold wedding rings and solid gold keepers for 35s. 4d. per pair; watches, clocks, cutlery, and jewellery delivered on small deposit; balance monthly; illustrations post free.—Write Dept. 166, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st. Islington, London, N.

BABY CARS, direct from factory, on approval, carriage paid; we save you 3s. in the 14; cash or cash payments from 3s. 6d. monthly; send for splendid new catalogue, free.—Dept. 13, Direct Public Supply Co., Coventry.

BAGGAGE, mahogany 8ft. folding; absolutely perfect; 50s.—Write 43, Merham-st. Thornton Heath.

BILLIARD Tables, new and second-hand, bargains; 50s. to 275; best make; approval, carriage paid, cash or easy terms; catalogue free.—Empire Billiard Company, 755, Old Kent-st. London.

ELECTRIC Bells Pocket Lamps, Novelties, etc.; illustrate; catalogue post free.—Eley Brothers, 39, Ludgate-hill London.

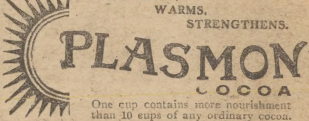
FISH Kites and Forks; elegant case, 6 pairs, finest quality; only 8s. 6d.; approval.—T. 17, Balham-hill, S.W.

FURNITURE—Lady must sell walnut Bedroom suite, 24 12s. 6d.; beautiful velvet suite, 9 pieces, 24 15s.; and contents of 7 rooms; any article separate; private—Call Bedford House, Hurdwick-pl. Hampstead-st. N.W.

GIVEN away free, lovely jewelled Rings; send only 6d.—Adams, 13, Mercia-st. Colchester, Essex.

LADIES' sterling silver Hair Brushes (hair marked), 12s. 6d. per pair; approval.—L. E. Elkington Manufacturing Silversmith, Sheffield.

NOURISHES. WARMS. STRENGTHENS.



One cup contains more nourishment than 10 cups of any ordinary cocoa.

A.A.A.—Pavnbrokers Clearance Sale.—Full List Post Free on Application.

GENT'S 18-carat gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also 16-carat gold (stamped) filled double curb Albert, seal attached, guaranteed 15 years' wear; 3 together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

LADY'S 18-carat gold-cased Keyless Watch, jewelled, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, elegant design; guaranteed 15 years' wear; two together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

SHEFFIELD Table Cutlery, 12 Table, 12 dessert knives, Carvers and steel; Crayford ivory balanced handles, unsold; 10s. 6d.; approval.

CURB Chain Padlock Bracelet, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case, 6s. 6d.; another, heavier quality, 8s. 6d.; approval before payment.

BEAT, Russian Fur—Magnificent Alexandra Dugan Stole Necklet, 6ft. long, and handsome Muff to match, real Russian sable fox colour; never worn; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; approval.

HANDSOME Long Neck Chain, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; silver can; sacrifice, 6s. 6d.; another, heavier, extra long, 8s. 6d.; approval before payment.

LADY'S Diamond Hair Locket, takes two photos, real diamond in centre, necklet attached; genuine 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d.; approval before payment.

O. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 26, Denmark-hill, Camberwell.

PHOTO Pastcards of yourself, 10 for 1s.; samples free.—L. Vernon, Maffield-st. West Derby.

POSTCARDS, beautifully coloured views, great variety, 3s. 6d.; 35 famous photographic actresses, 1s. 3d.; catalogue free.—Publishers, 79, Fenge-nd, South Norwood.

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PRIVATE Christmas Cards, 6d. dozen; fashionable specimens from Watkins, Upper-st. Islington.

RAILWAY Lot Property, etc.—Send 2s. 4d. for splendid list of Umbrella, 3 for 1s. (post free) or call and choose.—Western Umbrella Depot, 85, Bold-st. Liverpool, and 65, Regent-st. London. (Entrance side door).

SILVER Toilet Set (half-marked); elaborate pair large silver hair brushes, large silver hand mirror, silver-mounted comb; unsold; sacrifice, 37s. 6d.; approval.—Lady, 65, Handford-st. W.

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UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.—Secure at once one of our handy chain-stitch Sewing Machines, with all accessories; 9s. 6d. to clear; exceptional bargain.—Hampton, 74, City-nd, London.

WATCHES, Watches, Watches.—Delivered on receipt of 2s. 6d., balance 1s. weekly; ladies' or gent's; size, in massive Government gold; 12 each table, dessert spoons and forks; all tea spoons; sacrifice, 32s. 6d.; approval.

HANDSOME 6s. 6d. silver-plated Apollo Spoon, 6s. 6d. ELEGANT service massive silver half-marked mounted Table Cutlery, 12 table 12 dessert knives, per carvers and steel; Crayford ivory balanced handles, unsold; 10s. 6d.; approval.

REAL Table Linen, turquoise size, unsold; 10s. 6d.; unrepresented value; 2, 2yrd. double damask tablecloth, 2s. 5d. ditto, 12 serviettes; for 25s. 6d.; half-quantity, 13s. approval.

EMANUEL and CO. (Dn.) Dept. 31 Clapham-nd London.

DAIRY Art Gun 2s. 6d., carriage paid; see below.

BILLIARD Table (second-hand), 6s. 6d.; 3ft. 4in. set ivory balls, cues, and mallets, complete, 45s. 6d.; bargain.

BEAUTIFUL Photograph and a 30-hour Clock, the lot for 6s. 6d. each.

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Other Daily Bargains on page 15.

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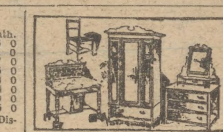
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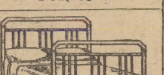
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